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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 21, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII
No. 1874
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
DEC. 21 1935

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THE SPHERE
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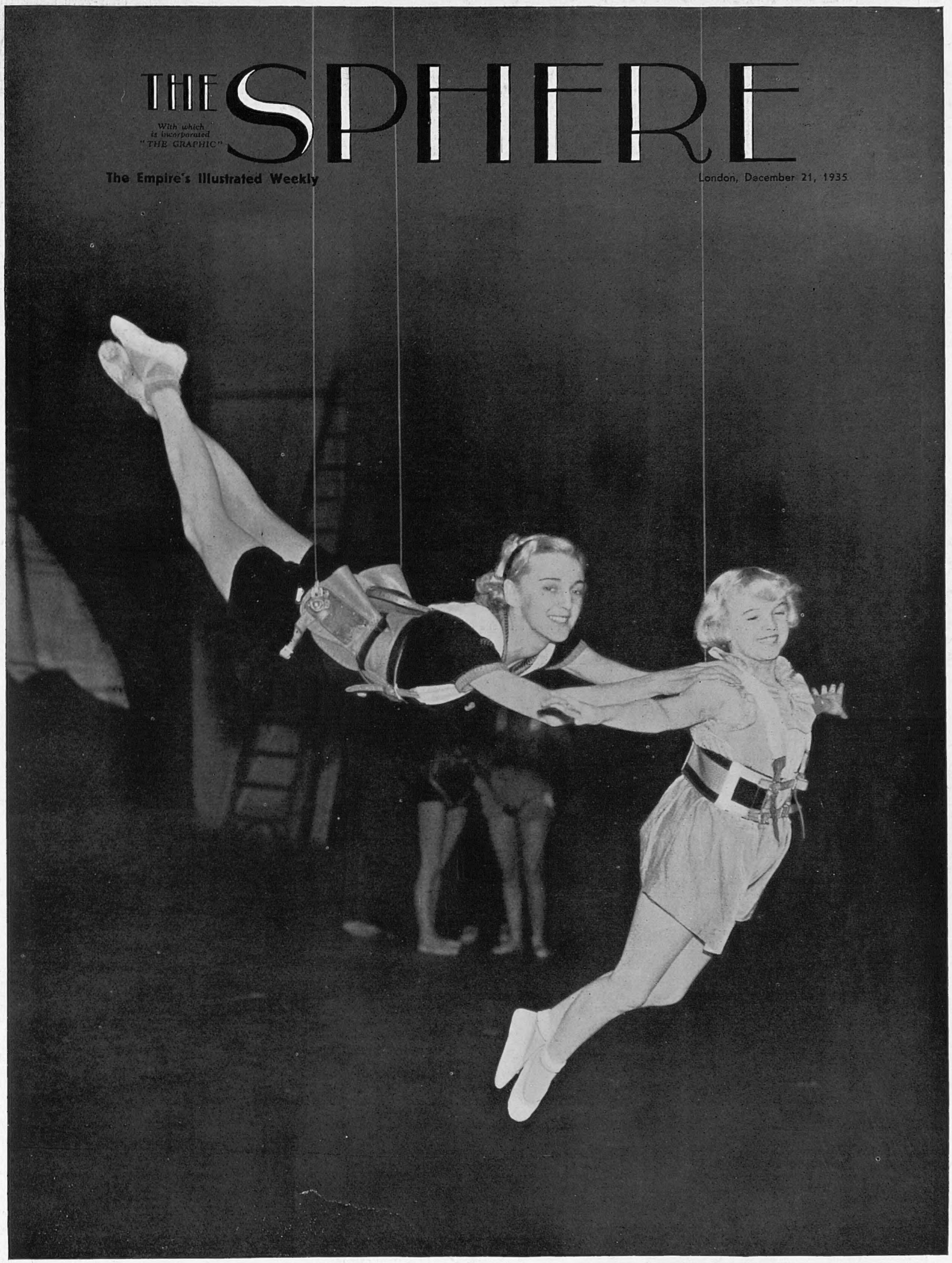
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 21, 1935



"They Fly Through the Air . . ."

Rehearsing a Spectacular Item for "Jack and the Beanstalk," this Year's Christmas Show at Drury Lane

Pantomime is a mushroom industry which literally grows overnight, dies, and the following year grows up all over again; but in the few weeks of its existence the public pays at least £2,000,000 into the box-offices to see the 200 or so different companies which are playing in all parts of the country, and work is given, directly and indirectly, to at least 30,000 people. In spite of the cinemas, this form of entertainment is as much alive as ever it was, this season London again being promised a host of good shows to delight the children. In addition to *Jack and the Beanstalk* starting on Christmas Eve at Drury Lane, there will be *The Forty Thieves* at the Lyceum, *Dick Whittington* at the Embassy, and *Buckie's Bears* at the Garrick, while Nova Pilbeam will doubtless draw thousands to the Palladium to see the youngest Peter Pan that ever trod the boards

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ORDERS IN ADVANCE: These youngsters are ensuring that Father Christmas will be told what presents they want by making known their wishes to Quilpin, the little man with the big book at Selfridges

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 18, 1935.

THE TIME - HONOURED WISHES.—It seems at first sight as premature and inept, in wishing SPHERE readers a happy Christmas and all the Compliments of the Season, to make reference to Peace on Earth and Goodwill among men. The year 1935 must go down in history as one which seemed to prove that those ideals are further from attainment than ever they were in the under-rated Middle Ages (when as a fact the system of linked monastic houses all over Europe created a real League of Nations). It is in my mind that this past year has revealed (for good and bad reasons) in the leaders of Europe a singular lack of honesty, truth, and morality. On the revealed shams of diplomacy I will touch at greater length. It becomes more and more clear that understanding among nations and a general goodwill in civilisation are checked, not by the peoples who are forced to sit in the darkness of a suspicion they do not naturally feel, but by their rulers and statesmen who are obsessed with the idea that their own peoples expect them to treat with foreign chancelleries on the basis of fear and suspicion. Scores of instances leap to light to show that goodwill exists among the peoples of Europe and that fear and suspicion are excited and fostered by the nervousness of statesmen and other leaders, in continual secret conclave. I believe in a word, that unchecked by governments, peace and goodwill among simple men of all nations are not so remote an ideal and nearer than it was, and on that account I feel it not so inappropriate and cynical to echo the Christmas prayer, which is the foundation and aim of Christianity, and an added prayer that the hearts of our rulers and statesmen may be turned towards the same ideals of goodwill and belief in the essential decency of civilised men whatever tongue they speak.

PROTEST: Viscount Cecil (*centre*) with other members of the deputation from the League of Nations Union which waited upon the Prime Minister and presented to him a resolution "urging the Government to support no settlement of the Italo-Ethiopian War which failed to make it clear that aggression does not pay"

THE SHAMS OF DIPLOMACY.—Looking back on the grim months of diplomacy that are gone by this year, I fancy my principal reflection is one of admiration for the perfectly maintained conventions and good manners of the Society of Nations. It equals, it exceeds, the best that the "best society" in the most cultured capital of Europe ever showed in the heyday of exclusive aristocracy. The social convention which kept such society alive and ornamental was, above all, the disguise of any truth that was not pleasant, and, when one comes to examine in cold blood the recent history of Sanctions and the League, one is impelled (like Mr. Otto Beit) to scream suddenly in the night. In the recent summer, Europe knew that war between Italy and Abyssinia was inevitable unless the League could devise some means of stopping it by sanctions or the threat of sanctions. The war started in early autumn, nothing having then been done by the League as a united force. When it had dragged on its miserable course for some weeks, the League began to consider the imposition of sanctions and to draw up lists of what those economic sanctions (for sanctions of force were never seriously considered, since there was no hope of unanimous approval) should embrace. As the Autumn (and war) went on, certain sanctions were approved, generally agreed, and put into force. Credits and arms were withheld from Italy and a quite substantial list of important raw materials. Italy bore the affliction with composure. Late in November the word "Oil" began to be whispered, Italy showing no signs of resting on her sparse laurels. As soon as the word was mentioned (and no one dared confess to having first used the vulgar word) the Duce (whom I took to be a more shrewd tactician) showed his hand at once and revealed its nakedness. Without oil, his little war must peter out at once. Without oil he could not move back or forward one yard. It became clear to the simple-minded man-in-the-street that this "oil" idea was a brain-wave and a trump card (*if one wanted to stop a war*). Innocently he asked himself the question: "Why did no European Diplomatist think of oil in June or July? If the League had agreed to ban oil in July, there could not conceivably have been a war." It is the naked truth. But we are not all innocent or not so innocent as we were.

"A WORD NO GENTLEMAN USES."—Here indeed is the very ugly fact. The polite conventions of the Society of Nations have hoodwinked the man-in-the-street as the suave manners of London Society in the Edwardian age hoodwinked Mrs. Leo Hunter. Until the end of November the whole sanctions-business was a polite, a gorgeous, sham, carried on to keep two things from collapse—the Society of European Nations and the Society that struggles to maintain itself at Geneva. The list of sanctions imposed before the question of oil was raised, might as effectively have been composed of jig-saw puzzles, cigar-lighters, shooting-sticks, and marrons glacés. Italy could fight her little war quite effectively for quite a long time without our banned articles; and she laughed in her sleeve. For she knew as every "statesman" in Europe (and Geneva in particular), knew that only oil mattered, and that the word "oil" was a word which "no gentleman" in that privileged society dared use, because oil *was* a real sanction, and oil would bring Italy to heel. And Europe did not dare to do that, because Italy must be brought to see reason (*i.e.*, rest content with a small instead of a large whack) and not brought to heel. Else, there may be a Nazi block half across Europe. But the League's future would have been dark indeed, if sanctions of some sort had not been imposed. The shams of polite society have nothing to show to compare with this super sham—the diplomacy of the last six months. It is an incredible story—a story to be read alongside the history of the balance of power and the secret treaties of Europe over two centuries. "Oil"—a word as impossible as "serviette," or "gurl," or "town" in the dictionary of the Whig Aristocracy.

IN THE NAME OF THE LEAGUE.—The bolstering-up of the League of Nations has been responsible for more hypocrisy and conventional shams than ever before threw contempt on diplomacy in Europe. Yet it was vitally necessary, it never was more necessary, to save the League from extinction, in the hope that one day it may

become a live and efficient force to preserve our civilisation. It has never been that yet since it came into existence. Its frail bark has most unfortunately been caught up in a series of typhoons since its launching and before it was equipped to float on a garden pond. The fact remains—in the name of the League every conceivable sham and lie has been flaunted and made use of. In the League's name, the nations of Europe have speeded up the race in armaments, in the League's service civilisation has suffered the martyrdom or bullying of Abyssinia to proceed unchecked because the one effective sanction must at all costs be withheld, withheld not indeed as a bargaining counter to force a compromise, but *essentially* because the imposition of an effective sanction might have consequences of inestimable danger. The League was conceived as morally as may be. But it has been nursed and nurtured in sin and shams and lies, and the Society of civilised nations to-day is based on and rooted in shams.

SHARING THE WEALTH: Alderman E. J. B. Spearing, ex-Mayor of Hammersmith, handing a dividend to Alderman John Rooke, J.P., the present mayor of the borough, at the Christmas share-out of £69,000 worth of funds held by the Broadway Congregational Society

COAL.—During the last five years we have enjoyed under a Government self-called National (and by its critics labelled "Tory") a programme which ten years ago represented the *ne plus ultra* of sane Socialism. It has been amusing to observe how, item by item, the National Government, by the normal pressure of economic fact and democratic opinion, has stolen the clothes of sane Socialism and (what Socialism has never been able yet to do) made a proper, permanent, and sensible use of them. Small wonder if the Opposition's constructive criticism during these years, and at the Election, was largely composed of personalities and petulant abuse. And now, as I ventured to prophesy, one more "extreme" in the Socialist programme will be carried through by our "Tory" Government in the life of the new Parliament—the nationalisation of the mines. A great coal strike looms up, with its implications of an even larger stoppage on the issue of the coal miners' claims, since the T.U.C. has committed itself to a pledge to support those claims by all means. One or two things have already emerged to gentle the issue. There is much doubt and hesitation on both sides. The miners' leaders have not yet revealed any bald-headed determination to go for their maximum demands and to refuse compromise. They know just enough about the condition of the industry to realise that the moral of the fable of the goose and the golden eggs must be kept in view. As for the owners, this or a Socialist Government (so labelled) has them, if it wishes to nationalise the mines, on the horns of a dilemma. For on their own confession they are hoist. Either, their properties are a bankrupt concern and accordingly they must welcome the financial compensation which nationalisation will bring them; or else, if they resist the compensation likely to be offered, they admit that their properties are not so waterlogged as to be incapable of securing to their employees some increase towards a wage which all sections of the community believe to be overdue to men working in so dangerous and arduous a trade. Within these broad lines, a hundred problems confuse the issue, problems of marketing, of distribution, of price, of new products from the basic, of co-operation, and so forth. We realise that, often as the coal industry recurs as one of our first-grade domestic problems, the issue has never yet been grappled and we have muddled on on compromise and patchwork rather than made a real start at rationalisation. But both sides have gained in experience of the other's case and "ca' canny" has acquired a new meaning in coal disputes.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.—Mr. Edward Howard Marsh, C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., is sixty-three years old. It is well nigh impossible to accept the written word that declares he is within seven years of man's allotted span, for he seems as young, as keen, as enthusiastic about new poets and old classics as he was in 1896 when he first entered the Colonial Office and joined the intelligentsia of London Society. Within four years he became private secretary to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain for a period covering part of the Boer war. Mr. Lyttelton naturally took on a man already proved the perfect P.S.; Mr. Asquith stole him in the same capacity for part of the great war; Mr. Churchill carried him with him wherever he went, and they became as one and shared a career; Mr. Thomas (always very shrewd) tumbled to it that if Mr. Churchill could not get on without him, how could J. H. T.? Those two complete opposites accordingly shared another career together—Mr. Thomas (with his jolly stories and work-a-day culture) and—the Maecenas of the Georgian poets, and the adornment of intelligent and superior society. The Duke of Devonshire, during a brief tenure of office, must, of course, have Mr. Marsh to smooth the way. Long before this, Mr. Marsh, who is a scholar, very able and soaked in experience of Government office administration and colonial experience, was very high up in the list of permanent officials. It was his to succeed to the highest offices in his department. But no. He knew what he wanted. He is not ambitious. He is the perfect private secretary, and he enjoys his craft as only a craftsman can. And now a mere schoolboy, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, takes over Mr. Marsh, sixty-three years of age with fifty years' experience of men and forty years' of Empire administration. Ever young himself, Mr. Marsh is perfectly happy in the company of youth. He is the guide and companion of talented youth, and will serve Mr. MacDonald as he served his contemporaries. He lives in Gray's Inn, overlooking a charming green lawn in cloistered peace, walled in by books, and he is often to be met with at Brooks'. When you see his characteristic bird-like appearance and hear his utterance, a tremendous question springs to your mind. Would English history during the past thirty years have been different if Mr. Marsh had sandbagged all his political chiefs in turn and himself corrected, passed, and signed all the innumerable decisions he has drafted for his masters? In a word, is it the experience of the permanent staff or the genius of the temporary political chief, which really counts? Mr. Marsh has tutored half-a-dozen Ministers of State.

LOST LEADERS.—The great war and the not less dangerous peace that followed it robbed our nation of very many young men of the brightest promise. They came from every class. Those who have been commemorated by their stricken parents came chiefly from the best educated class, since the writing of such memoirs depends on ability to write and sometimes on money considerations. The memoirs, written since 1914, of "lost leaders" untimely dead, have been a real contribution to literature quite often and have achieved their object in showing us what we have lost which we could ill spare, and helping us to remember the nature of our loss. Lord Ribblesdale gave a memoir of Charles Lister, Lady Desborough of her sons, the Grenfells. There was another of Francis and Rivy, the Grenfell twins; Lady Wemyss produced a labour of love commemorating the youth of "Ego" and Ivo Charteris; there were others on Edward Horner and Patrick Shaw-Stewart. Lord Crewe gave to poetry a notable contribution on the same theme. And now Lord Lytton has published a fine tribute to, and picture of his son Antony Knebworth, a bright hope and victim of the not much less dangerous peace. When I think of flying and its implications and con the roll of splendid men who have given their lives in its cause, I feel more than ever convinced that up to now it has proved more a curse than a blessing to humanity.

A DREAM HOUSE.—Lady Sysonby has decided to sell Great Tangley Manor. It must be a great wrench. For this is a dream house. It is the sort of house which a rich American, who comes to England to end his days in the old world, dreams of and rarely wakes to find. It is very old and wonderfully beautiful. A house on its site almost certainly staged the "shooting luncheon" of King John when he hunted from Guildford. Tangley's older portions now existing were built in Henry VII's reign and it was "modernised" shortly before the Armada. Half-timbered, with lattice windows and a walled green close, loopholed to give vistas of its spring-water moat and its quite superb garden, it lies tucked away from main roads, yet within an hour of Mayfair. It looks up to the Chapel of the Chaucer pilgrims, St. Martha's, on the wooded hill which dominates Guildford. It has all the glories of antiquity and nearly all the amenities of modern ideas of luxury—four bathrooms, tennis courts, a swimming pool, and so on. Its gardens in summer are staggeringly lovely—an azalea dell, an iris garden, a moat garden, yew hedges, lime avenue, rock gardens, all in their several ways, perfection. If a man of taste and means secures Tangley, he will buy joy for the rest of his life.

THOUGHTS FROM BURLINGTON HOUSE.—It was little Peterkin's question which sprang to my mind after a second visit to the Chinese Exhibition. In all the great illustrated papers, side by side for several weeks, have been published wonderful photographs of activities and scenes in the Abyssinian war zone, and reproductions of many of the most famous and glorious exhibits of Chinese art. The war bulks important enough in world affairs to-day. It is of absorbing interest to Italians and Ethiopians. A generation hence the chief details of it will be forgotten even by Italians, as all but the name and degradation of Adowa is forgotten. It will be a paragraph in history. But to-day the discoveries in art of nameless Orientals 3,000 years before Christ, experimenting in the casting of figures from bronze, are of first-rate interest in the headquarters of culture and civilisation. The methods by which the sacred stone jade began to be employed at the dawn of the Christian era as a vehicle for sculpture, are matters on which the attention of thousands of educated men and women is directed to-day. THE OLD STAGER

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL": Members of Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society, one dressed as the great novelist and the others appearing as characters from his works, singing during their Yuletide round

THE ST. NEOT'S "QUADS" MAKE PROGRESS

LORD DE CLIFFORD'S TRIAL IN THE LORDS

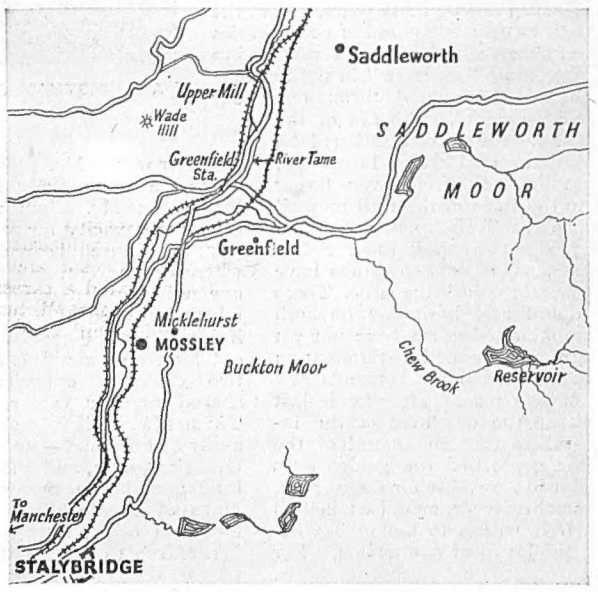
WHERE THE GIRL RAMBLERS WERE LOST

HOUSE FULL: Mr. W. E. Miles, a twenty-eight-year-old lorry driver of 13, Ferrars Avenue, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, with the quadruplets—one girl and three boys—to whom his wife gave birth at the end of last month and who are now reported to be doing well under the care of Dr. E. H. Harrisson, a local practitioner. This is the second time this year that "quads" have been born in this country and they are arousing almost as much interest as the now-famous Dionne "quins"

CAUSE CELEBRE: *Above*—Mr. Justice Goddard and Mr. Justice Swift arriving at the House of Lords for the trial of Lord de Clifford (*right*) on a charge of manslaughter, a hearing that came to an unexpectedly sudden conclusion after two-and-a-half hours, and resulted in a unanimous verdict of not guilty.

THE FIRST VITAL DAYS: Another picture of the "quads" showing them after they had been transferred to Dr. Harrisson's house in order to enable him to devote every possible moment to attending to them. They are costing a considerable amount to keep at the moment as they have to have a special supply of human milk sent them from London every day either by aeroplane or by car. *Left*—The crowd waiting outside the public entrance before being admitted to the House of Lords for the trial of Lord de Clifford

The proceedings—the first of the kind to take place in the Upper House for many years—were held in the Royal Gallery and were marked by scenes of great ceremonial. The defendant is the twenty-sixth holder of a title that goes back to 1299 and which first belonged to Robert de Clifford, Earl Marshal of England



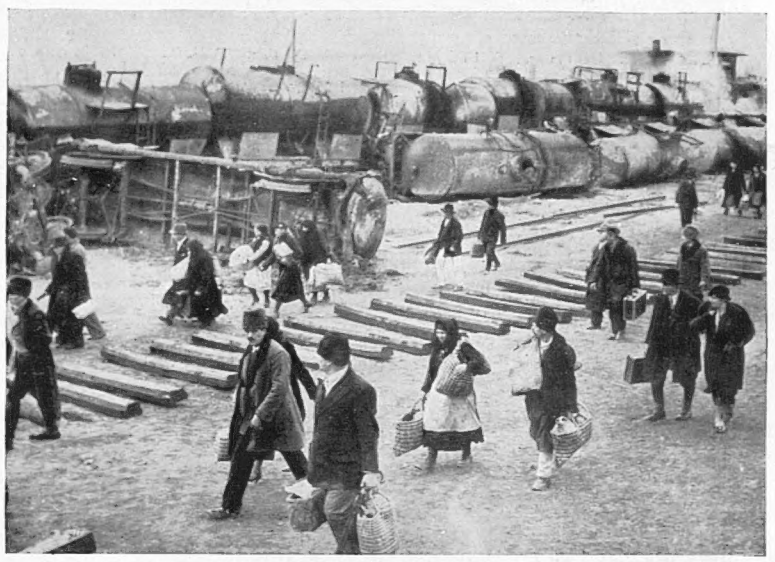
A DRAMATIC RESCUE: *Above*—One of the search parties combing the moors for the three girl ramblers from Manchester who were lost for four days near Greenfield, Yorkshire, and were eventually discovered, exhausted with cold and hunger, by a policeman and several voluntary helpers. On the right is a map of the area, which forms a gaunt natural barrier between West Yorkshire and the Derbyshire peak, and it was in the neighbourhood of the Chew Reservoir that the girls wandered in the mist, unable to strike a stream leading them into a valley or to find a landmark that they could recognise. They had spent the nights huddled together among the rocks, and were found to be severely frostbitten. It is remarkable that for three days the girls had been without food

FOREIGN SURVEY

The Riots in Cairo and other Happenings

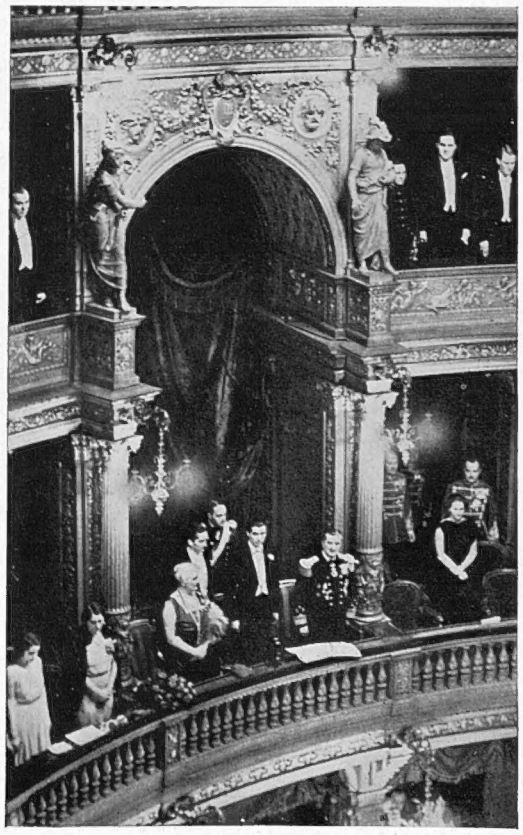
THE NATIONALIST RISING IN EGYPT: Two youths under arrest (*right*) and young women crowded on a Cairo tramcar and cheering on students (*above*) during the renewed outbreak of anti-British rioting in the streets of the city, when there were scenes of disgraceful hooliganism which resulted in severe injury to an English police officer and in the burning of public transport vehicles. On December 12, however, the situation took an entirely new turn with the announcement that the Constitution of 1923 was to be restored, and that the Government of Nessim Pasha was not, after all, to resign

A ROYAL SEND-OFF: The Crown Princess of Italy bidding farewell on a liner at Naples to a party of Red Cross nurses who were about to sail for the East African front. Her Royal Highness, who is a trained nurse herself, is the daughter of the late King Albert and the sister of King Leopold III of Belgium. She was married in 1930



DISASTER ON THE LINE: The railway at Fundulea, Rumania, completely blocked after two trains, made up of oil cars, had been involved in a collision. A shuttle service had to be temporarily organised, and travellers are pictured here walking round the wreckage from one train to another

IN REMEMBRANCE: Leopold III seen with descendants of soldiers who served Leopold I, Belgium's first monarch, when they visited Laeken a few days ago. Since the death of Queen Astrid the young King has been living in comparative seclusion, but he is now beginning to appear in public more often



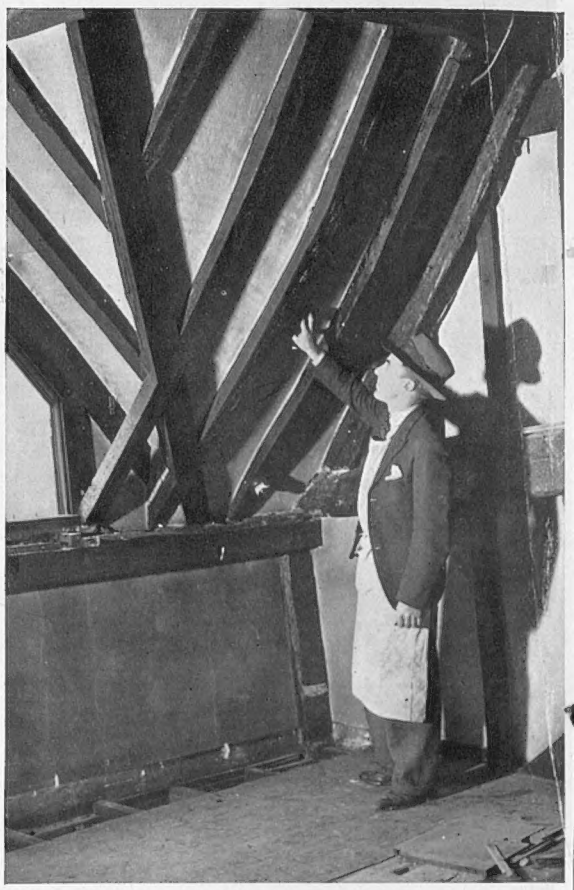
"THE MONARCHY WITH A VACANT THRONE": Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary (*on right of centre box*) at the gala performance given in his honour on St. Nicholas Day at the Opera House in Budapest. Horthy has now been at the head of affairs for over fifteen years and is sixty-seven

THE STORMY PETREL OF FRENCH POLITICS: Ex-Deputy Besson pictured after his recent release from gaol. Earlier in the year he was much in the news and it was reported that his "programme for the people," a plan of the share the wealth type, was gaining an increasing number of adherents

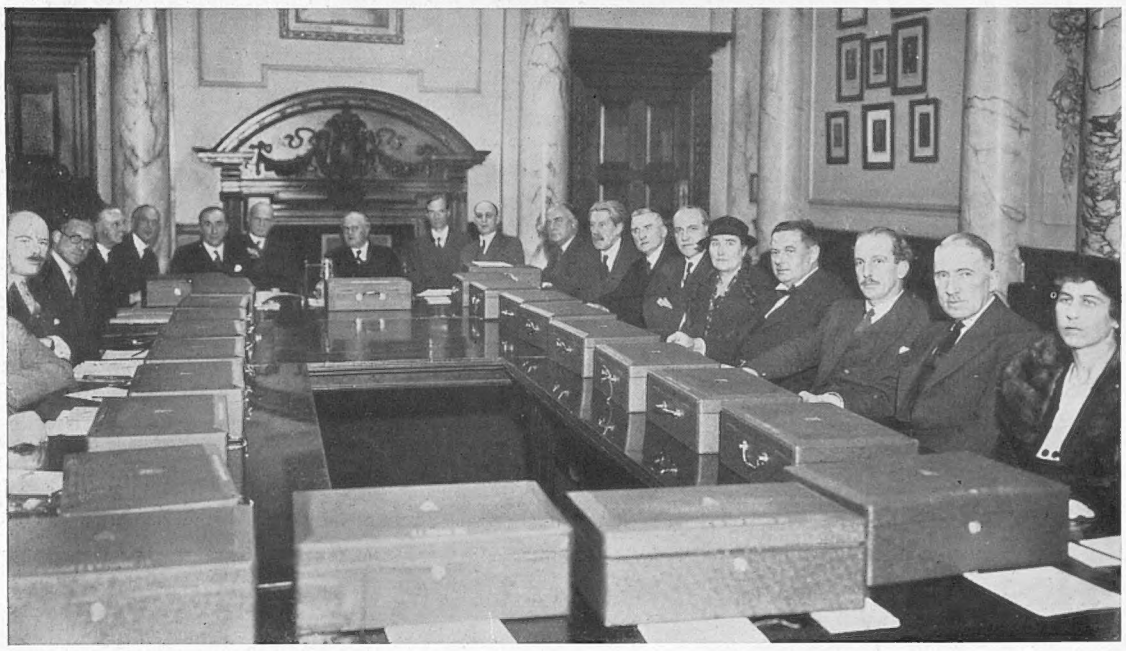
HOME EVENTS

A Pictorial Survey

"OLD AGE HATH YET ITS HONOUR AND ITS TOIL": This is one of the two surviving "B" type buses of the pre-war era, and the London Passenger Transport Board has consented to send it out on loan to British Columbia where it will figure in a procession in the city of Vancouver's Jubilee celebrations which are to be held next year



A GEM OF OLD LONDON IN DANGER: Sagging rafters at Staple Inn, the beautiful Tudor building in Holborn, which is in a serious state of disrepair occasioned largely by the inroads of wood beetle. Immediate steps are being taken to save the place



THEIR OPENING SESSION: Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health, presiding at the first meeting of the Central Housing Advisory Committee which has been appointed under the terms of the Housing Act, 1935, and consists of experts empowered to advise the Minister on questions relating to building development

WINTER SPORT NORTH OF THE BORDER: A general tion) held last week on Stormont Loch, Perthshire. The there for at least three centuries, still has hosts of

NO TERRORS FOR HER: At Easter, however chilly the weather, *The Sphere* is invariably inundated by its contributors with pictures of "happy bathing belles enjoying their first dip of the season," but this hardy resident at Whitley Bay, Northumberland, goes one better; she is an all-the-year-round bather, and even on the coldest mornings is to be seen defying the fierce North Sea breakers. She has been doing it since the winter of 1933

THE DAGENHAM GIRL PIPERS, who recently arrived in Inch Pond during their stay in Perth.

THE OPENING OF THE DE LA WARR ENTERTAINMENT HALL ON BEXHILL FRONT: A building in the modern manner erected by the Municipality at a cost of £80,000. *Above on left*—The Duke and Duchess of York standing on the main stairway with the Mayor of Bexhill and Lord and Lady de la Warr. *Above*—Girl Guides drawn up outside the pavilion

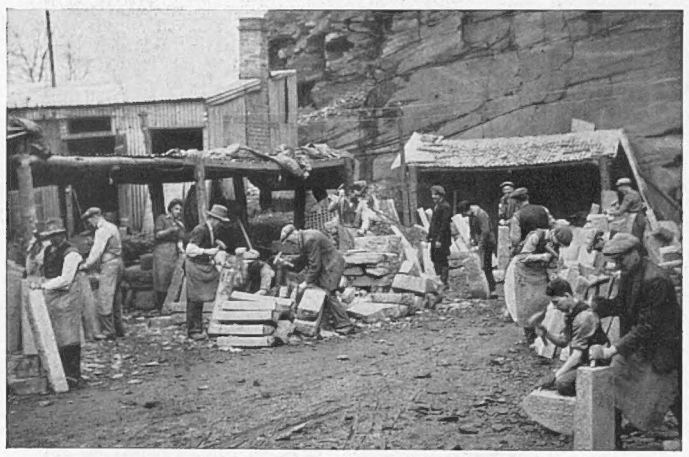
view of the scene during the Strathmore Bonspiel (a district curling competi- game, which may possibly have originated in Scotland and has been popular adherents. In some parts of Lanarkshire and Argyllshire it is called "kuting"

Scotland on their first visit, disporting themselves on the ice at the South They afterwards went on to Crieff, Fort William, and the North

A BUSY DAY FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES: His Royal Highness inspecting a gun crew in the moat of the Tower of London when, in his capacity as Colonel-in-Chief he visited the Welsh Guards on Thursday of last week. In the afternoon he received Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, and later presided at Claridge's at a meeting of Presidents of the League of Mercy

MOUTHS TO FEED: The Rev. H. C. Wensley pouring out soup and one of his assistants distributing bread outside the village school, where the children of miners on strike from Langold Colliery, Nottinghamshire, have been queuing up every day for rations

HOMES FOR THE NEEDY: When completed these houses are to be let at a rental of 1s. a week to poor and aged people of Brighton. The economic rent would be about 8s. 6d., but the Corporation is subsidising the scheme with money obtained from local cinema proprietors, who have to pay a fixed quota for Sunday opening



A SOUTH WALES INDUSTRY THAT IS PROSPERING: A busy scene at Abercarn, near Abertillery, Monmouthshire, where many of London's paving and kerb stones are quarried and hewn into shape

A DRAMA OF THE SEA RECALLED: A chair being auctioned at Seahouses, Northumberland, where a sale was held a few days ago of the home and furniture of a Mrs. Roberts who was a descendant of Grace Darling, and whose property included one or two objects dating from the lifetime of the heroine who on September 7, 1838, helped her father to carry out a dramatic rescue on the coast

Coal and Its Troubles

Some Aspects of the Present Dispute Between the Owners and the Men—The Importance of Recognising the Definition of the Words "Surface Workers" and "Coal Getters"

ONCE more the threat of a stoppage is hanging like a cloud over the coal industry, which has remained comparatively free of trouble since the disaster of 1926. The Minister for Mines is seeking to find common ground for negotiation between the mine-owners and the miners' leaders, but up to the present without much success. The miners' leaders are demanding terms that may be summarised as a flat-rate increase of 2s. per shift in wages and a national wages agreement. The owners' reply is that in its present state the industry could not possibly bear the burden of this wages increase, which would total over £18,000,000 a year, and that because it has not the necessary powers, the Mining Association cannot discuss a national wages agreement. The district associations are not prepared to delegate this power, as they have had a bitter experience of previous national agreements, such as those that led to the national strikes.

The outlook is black, but not hopeless, and mining disputes have a habit of being settled at the very last moment. To the ordinary member of the public uninformed in mining technicalities—the whole composition of miners' wages is a most complicated business—it all seems rather bewildering. It is difficult without long study to grasp all the points at issue, but some understanding of the mentality of the mine-worker and the nature of his work and of his private life makes the situation a little clearer.

It is ordinary to talk in general terms of "the miners," but it must be understood that the word is used for all classes of workers in and about the mine. Strictly speaking, a miner is the man who "gets" the coal, the highly-skilled operative who by pick or coal-cutting machinery actually takes the coal out of the coal-face. These men, of whom there are comparatively few, are the real miners, and as will be shown are paid accordingly for their skill. With them in the pit are all sorts and kinds of other classes of workers—shot-firers, timber-men, pony-boys, hauliers, horse-keepers, safety-men, carpenters, engineers, winding-gear-men—while on the surface there are the workers on the screens and coal-cleaning plant, lamp-men, shunters, boilerhouse hands and general maintenance workers. Many of the surface men never go below in their lives and many of the underground workers are unskilled youths, but they are all called miners.

This is why there is so much misunderstanding about mining wages. Recently it has been declared, and widely believed, that "thousands of miners get less than 30s. a week," the implication being that they are very underpaid for a hazardous occupation. The foundation of this statement is actually an average figure of weekly earnings for certain classes of mine workers, and it must be qualified in that it includes the earnings of many youths and of many who because of the state of the industry are not working a full week. Given with this article are two tables relating to two different coalfields. They give the picture in its proper perspective, and show that the miner, i.e., the coal getter, is receiving even without taking into consideration free or cheap housing and coal, a very different wage from the alleged 30s. a week, and that even many surface workers are above this average.

There would be much less misunderstanding were it possible to use two terms, coal-getters and mine-workers, and to return their wages separately. Actually the mentality of the coal-getter is often very different from that of the other workers in the industry. First and foremost he is an individualist, with definite ideas about the best way of doing his job and averse to being ordered about either by mine manager or union official. When not at work he is at home—many miners run small shops—in his garden, exercising his dogs, or training his carrier pigeons. He rarely figures in the strike time photographs of groups of young men in cloth caps and mufflers collected outside the colliery gates. He is essentially a craftsman, with all a craftsman's ways and ideas. With him the getting of coal is a traditional task handed down from father to son. He has no objection to getting wet in the pit, but he hates being out in the rain. Many of them work in hot pits, but they object to too hot a summer's day. And these are the reasons that make it so difficult to transfer unemployed miners to other occupations.

Take the South Wales miner. He lives from the cradle to the grave in one of the steep-sided valleys. At the top of it is just nothing, at the bottom Cardiff, Newport, Swansea, or Llanelly, to which he pays occasional visits. Geographical conditions prevent him from moving anywhere but southwards and it is quite usual for members of the same family to live in adjacent valleys for years without seeing one another. Chapel for some, politics for others, and gambling for a good many more are the recreations for a people that have but little contact with the outside world. It is much the same in Northumberland and Durham, where there are isolated mining communities miles away on the moors, and it is only in the newer fields such as South Yorkshire, Kent, and Notts that the miners mix much with other people. The ex-miner sent to work in London is bewildered by its vastness, thinks he is misunderstood by the cockney, and often gets homesick, unless he can work and live with other miners. That is one of the problems of transferring the workless ones to other occupations.

And it is one of the problems of the present dispute. The miners have a deep-rooted idea that the owners are doing much better than they state, although the miners' accountants have access to the colliery books, and the fact that many of them are on good terms with the owners and managers does not shift this conviction. They are consequently ready to listen to the leaders of the Mineworkers' Federation, which is the most political of all the trade unions in that following out the doctrines laid down in *The Miners' Next Step*—written by the late Mr. A. J. Cook in 1912—it is seeking to get State control of the mines. That is why they are so insistent on a national wages agreement, regarding it as a step to national control of the industry. It is however, significant that whereas there are about 747,500 persons at work in the mining industry only 440,000, or 54.7 per cent. voted one way or the other in the recent strike ballot. For the million insured workers in the industry the percentage is only 41 per cent., which prompts one to ask whether the Mineworkers' Federation can claim—as it does—to speak for the whole of the workers in the industry.

The truth of the matter is that if there were no politics in the present dispute it would be much easier to settle. The efficiency of the industry in certain aspects has been criticised—with some justification—but it is continually being made more efficient. The coal-owners are often described as "the last of the Bourbons." Having had fairly intimate contact with the employers in the coal industry since 1924 I can only say that some of them, and that an ever decreasing minority, are old-fashioned in their outlook and in their methods, but that the average coal-owner is just as progressive and just as appreciative of the miner's point of view as the employers in any other industry, and it is pretty generally agreed that British employers as a whole are the best in the world.

J. Baker White

SOME SIGNIFICANT COAL TRADE STATISTICS

WAGES IN SOUTH WALES

Figures relating to the week ending November 9

Piece Workers

21,213	men worked 6 days	and earned	72s. 7d.	average
10,863	,, ,, 5 ,,	,, ,,	66s. 7d.	,,
1,641	,, ,, 4 ,,	,, ,,	51s. 9½d.	,,

Day Wage Men—Underground

19,887	men worked 6 days	and earned	52s. 1d.	average
12,034	,, ,, 5 ,,	,, ,,	47s. 10¼d.	,,
1,262	,, ,, 4 ,,	,, ,,	35s. 11½d.	,,

Day Wage Men—Surface

7,199	men worked 6 days	and earned	50s. 9d.	average
1,390	,, ,, 5 ,,	,, ,,	45s. 8¾d.	,,
177	,, ,, 4 ,,	,, ,,	35s. 7d.	,,

YORKSHIRE (January–March, 1935)

	Per Shift	Per Week
All classes of workers above and below ground	10s. 2¼d.	46s. 3d.
Workers at the coal face	13s. 0½d.	59s. 2d.
Workers on the surface	7s. 7½d.	34s. 7d.

(Average number of shifts worked per week 4·54)

Maids of Halas

Needleworkers of an Hungarian Village famed for the Beauty of its Lace and Embroidery

The women of Hungary understand the art of lace making and embroidery as well as any of the peoples of Middle Europe, and their delight in wearing gay and elaborate costumes is perhaps only equalled by their enjoyment in making them. The villagers of Halas are particularly skilful in this direction, possessing a sense of the decorative that must to a certain extent be attributable to their Turkish ancestry. Almost all the women devote their spare time to this work, and to-day their products are becoming known far beyond the confines of Hungary; to such an extent, in fact, that the village now holds a permanent exhibition where foreign buyers and tourists may come and place their orders. *(See also next page)*

RHYTHM of the DANCE

The Peasant Folk of the Little Hungarian Village of Halas Make Merry in their Gay Costumes

"TO BRISK NOTES IN CADENCE BEATING": Peasant girls displaying their skill on a festive occasion; the graceful rhythm of their movements enhanced by the beauty of their parti-coloured, hand-made costumes. Note the delicate lace-edging to their aprons—work of almost incredible fineness

"IN A LIGHT FANTASTIC ROUND": Another aspect of the dance; a picture showing the elaborate headdresses with pearl-like ornaments, and the blouses with bold and colourful floral patterns that the girls of Halas so delight to make and wear

THE WALTZ'S GIDDY MAZES: The last breathless moments as the couples sweep round the floor, turning and turning with ever increasing momentum, both the men and the women wearing voluminous skirts. *On right*—An old Hungarian folk dance in which the girls flourish cushions, symbolising to the men the comforts of home life

SNOW OVER MANHATTAN

And Other Camera Studies from the American Metropolis

NEW YORK IN WINTER'S GRIP: Central Park and the surrounding buildings under a blanket of snow after the first real fall of the year, which, while it disorganised traffic in the city, kept thousands of the unemployed busy clearing the streets. Up to now the barometer has not recorded the same extremes of temperature as it did in 1934, but there is every likelihood of another "old-fashioned Christmas"

WALLS AND WINDOWS: A striking picture looking down the side of the giant R.C.A. building in Rockefeller Centre

On right—NERVES AND STEEL: A dramatic camera study taken by Wendell MacRae and included in the annual exhibition of the United States Camera Salon held a short while ago in New York

SYMBOLISING THE SWISS ATTITUDE OF LAISSER-FAIRE: The luxuriously equipped railways which are State controlled and are said to be losing £7 a minute. Their present debt, says Mr. Tuohy, is over £200,000,000

SWITZERLAND—A COUNTRY THAT SHIES AT CHANGE

A National Characteristic and What it has Led to

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THESE are the times when many English thoughts turn zestfully to Switzerland.

Sanctions are unlikely to be discussed more than fitfully in St. Moritz and the Engadine. They are not going to be discussed here save as the imposed peg upon which to suspend the balance of this story. For (regardless of whether skis and rink beckon at this juncture) something so odd has latterly occurred with Switzerland as to warrant one's taking a close-up of this small but nodal nation and of its affairs: the oddity arising out of Sanctions.

President Wilson, let us remind ourselves, not only held out for Geneva as seat of his League of Nations against opposing claims for Brussels and Vienna, but did not cease lauding the Swiss spirit as demonstrated over long years by the comprehending and amicable living side by side of twenty-two different little States or Republics of varying race, language, and interests, the Swiss Cantons. The Princeton professor pointed to their political organisation, and asked, "Why cannot we mould a larger Switzerland to comprise us all?"

And, lo, it was so. All the twenty-two Swiss Cantons, big and little, enjoy the same rights in the Confederation, but there are two or three "director" Cantons which retain the privilege of always being represented on the Federal Council. All the fifty-six States-Members of the League, big and little, enjoy the same rights in the Assembly, but there are five or six "director" States which retain the privilege of always being represented on the League Council (plus seven or eight others that enjoy such privilege for three years with claim to renewal.)

When, therefore, having squatted at Geneva and copied the Swiss Constitution, the League of Nations, on its first major attempt at self-assertion, found Switzerland among the four States-Members that refused to "march" in conformity with the Covenant, its reactions varied from surprise to disapproval and even indignation. Switzerland would not go the whole hog, or even hedgehog. Why?

The Swiss will reply by pointing to their strictly republican ideology — independence, equality, neutrality. For present purposes the first two may be accepted and passed over. "Neutrality" is what M. Motta, Switzerland's perennial spokesman, pleaded in extenuation of recent behaviour.

"To understand the peculiar character of Swiss neutrality," observes Professor François, of Geneva University, and a leading figure in Swiss literary life, "it is necessary to consider the make-up of the Swiss people. Its perpetual neutrality dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the Swiss soldiery as such ceased to play an active rôle on the battlefields of Europe. From that time on Switzerland has, as far as possible, kept out of quarrels of the great Powers of Europe. Our neutrality became a guaranteed one by the treaties of 1815, when the Powers recognised that Switzerland's special position as guardian of the Alpine passes was of European interest. Foreign critics have imputed Switzerland's voluntary neutrality to weakness and even to cowardice. This charge can be disposed of by simply pointing out that Switzerland's political neutrality in no wise implies moral neutrality. The great majority of the Swiss people applauded the Allied victory of 1918. For them it meant the end of four long years of anguish, privation, armed vigilance, and philanthropic effort. Neutrality for the Switzerland of the twentieth century is primarily a form of its independence. The Confederation, encircled by three or four Powers all of which on occasion try to draw it into its orbit, must remain friendly toward each without binding itself to any of them.

"The voluntary neutrality practised by Switzerland is also essential to its system of equality. In this way only can there be an equilibrium of twenty-two Sovereign States, three races, and three or four linguistic communities. Each of these communities draws part of its spiritual strength from the larger communities to which it is outwardly attached. Switzerland, as a nation, would perish if it could not refresh itself at the living sources of the great cultural traditions which its diverse races and languages represent. The French-Swiss mind looks primarily towards France, the Italian-Swiss towards Italy, and the German-Swiss towards Germany. Each of them feels that in its Swiss association it represents its own cultural homeland, while neutrality becomes a form of tolerance and opens the way for the interpenetration of Switzerland's three minds and three cultures, which are otherwise perfectly independent."

The foregoing was enunciated before Sanctions. The trouble is that it might also have been enunciated before the League of Nations. Like others, Switzerland is apt conveniently to overlook that in 1919 she signed things—undertook without reserve to join in collective action in certain eventualities. That the Confederation stands in special case, no one would dream of denying, yet its special case was no different in 1919 from what it is to-day. It will be for the Swiss themselves to experience whether a truer and a safer "neutrality" may not have resided in stricter fidelity to the League; also time will show whether, having acted as turntable in so many things—international transport and investment, to name two notable examples—Switzerland can likewise aspire to be a turntable in tremendous political happenings, whether she can hope to have the best of three worlds, now by indulging Fascism, now the Nazis, now France. The last lost no time in firmly dissenting from the present comfortable reading of "neutrality." Since, of course, the logical deduction must be that the Confederation would similarly decline to fulfil its signature were Sanctions one day applied against a contiguous Germany.

The numerical picture of Switzerland's three cultural entities leaves no option but such deduction. In a population of 4,000,000, 71 per cent. of citizens are German-Swiss, 21 per cent. French, and a little over 6 per cent. Italian (the tiny balance is Romansch). M. Motta justifies the non-application of full Sanctions by the presence in the Confederation of under 200,000 of Italian origin. How much more so would he be obliged to be lenient towards a sanctioned Germany, with well over 2,500,000 of German origin in the Confederation!

Over-simplification must be fought ever, yet it does seem that a searchlight can be successfully enough switched on to Switzerland, revealing a good deal of her present state, if one contemplates her current "neutrality" action as having been the outcome of three major influences. Firstly, a deep distaste for change of any kind. Secondly, the desire of a people *très commerçant* to remain "in" with all three client-neighbours of such high purchasing potentialities. Thirdly, Governmental disinclination to bear down on Fascism in view of specific domestic phenomena.

We all have our besetting sins. Ours, seemingly, is hypocrisy. France's, vanity. Germany's, bullying. Italy's, self-dramatization. Switzerland's may well be middle-class stogginess that declines all change. "As few jolts as possible." No jolting over Sanctions, for instance. "As we were!" You see this distaste for change all over the place. In manners and morals as well as in politics and economics, experimentation is avoided. Office-holders are mostly kept on till their deaths or voluntary retirement.

There is much to be said for a country of such levelling in all things as Switzerland shows, with its wide distribution of wealth, its civic discipline deriving from the play of a genuine class equality, its (late-come) religious tolerance, its fraternising institutions bringing all layers together for patriotic, sporting and musical festivities, its unique mingling of race and language under the one flag. "No change" enthusiasts point to it all as the inheritance that must be shielded at every cost. Yet there is another side to the story.

Switzerland's vaunted "innate conservatism" can be fearfully injurious, as is being currently demonstrated in the case of two o'erspreading national problems: remaining on gold and the railways.

Under the demand of the great banking corporations which sprang from the fat years, the Government must stick to its fetish, but in so doing it must needs order still further deflation to meet a Budget deficit of £4,000,000. (That may not sound much, but it is a quarter of the national income, the equivalent of £182,000,000 with ourselves.) New taxes, further compression of State salaries, further administrative cuts—the usual trio has just been ordered once again.

As for the railways, which are State controlled, they are losing £7 a minute. Their present debt is over £200,000,000, and it mounts daily to the tune one can imagine. The railways have long been a notorious scandal of over-staffing, duplication, unheard-of wages, and resultant sky-high fares that drive all who can on to the roads. But the sumptuous trains with their posh staffs run on, over the most expensive, electrified, and mountainous system in Europe. Largely empty.

One would think something might be done about those trains. Well, an opportunity occurred last September when a referendum was taken on the revision of the Constitution. The Revisionists wanted to do something about the railways but lost the day by 501,000 votes to 194,000. I was in Bâle that Sunday and watched the figures go up in the Marktplatz. Admittedly much else was under judgment: I am coming to that. But what other country would not have removed the catastrophic railways from constitutional referendums, have made of them a separate issue, either before or since? Not so the Swiss. No change. The railways have lost a further £35 since I began this paragraph.

From the above budgetary remarks it can be imagined that Switzerland wishes to cling like the ivy to each of her outsize neighbours, Sanctions or no Sanctions. Owing to the falling away in the four chief Swiss export fields, tourism (invisible export), machinery and watches, lace and embroidery, and milk and chocolate products, the trade balance is a sad affair. A further complication has to do with the increasing part industry now plays in a land that used to be three-parts agricultural. These industries, importing raw materials, must find markets abroad for their output, and the three big neighbours have ever been the principal recipients. How offend any one of them? Bloated but stagnant Swiss banking is no less eager to find opportunities abroad. Again, how offend puissant neighbours?

To come lastly to the internal political situation as this may have influenced the "neutrality" policy.

As an islet of law and order set in a troubled sea of surrounding Fascism, Nazi-ism, French internecine strife, and ever-penetrating Sovietism, Switzerland is in a singularly vulnerable position, the more so if we bear in mind that she gives

(Continued on p. 486)

ART IN THE BLACK EMPIRE

Discoveries Made During an Italian Archæological Expedition to Ethiopia Not Long Before the Start of the Present Campaign —Old Abyssinian MSS. in the Victoria and Albert Museum

REMINDER OF AN EARLIER INVASION: This carved monolith was discovered on the battlefield of Soddo, and marks the burial-place of Abyssinians who perished during the Muhammadan invasion in the 16th century, when Granyé (a renowned warrior of Galla or Somali origin) overran the country

STELES BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN THE PROVINCE OF ARUSSI: Two discoveries made by Italian archæologists; slabs of stone bearing inscriptions which it is hoped when elucidated may provide new data regarding Abyssinia's early history

A RELIGIOUS MANUSCRIPT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: One of the treasures of the Victoria and Albert Museum—crude drawings of human figures showing the feet in profile

THE LEGEND OF ST. MICHAEL in this Ethiopian manuscript at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It dates from the 16th century—during the period of Portuguese influence. *On right* —A crude but typical example of modern Ethiopian painting illustrating the King Solomon legend, which Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth, author of *Abyssinian Adventure*, brought home with him from Addis Ababa

MORE FINDS: *Left*—An inscribed stele unearthed by the Italians near Lake Zuasi and (*right*) a menhir, a rude sculptured stone of unknown antiquity, discovered at Silté in the province of Guraghe

With Italy's Northern Armies

THE CONGESTION AT MASSAWA: Unloading in progress at the port of Eritrea where confusion has prevailed ever since the start of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, more ships entering the harbour than it is possible to berth and bringing with them more goods than there is room to store. Some vessels have had to wait days before putting their cargo ashore, but of recent weeks there has been a slight improvement in the situation as a result of a scheme of reorganisation put into operation by the port authorities. Note the name—England—marked on one of the crates on the left, evidently a pre-sanction order

THE ROCKY ROUTE TO MAKALE: A detachment extremely difficult terrain, stones and thorn quickly tiring them. As the food supplies intervals on account of the confusion pre frontier, the men have to carry unusually

MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR! Tanks negotiating difficult country to the south of Makale, where deep gorges and slopes of incredible steepness are encountered, and tend to reduce their value as fighting units. Already several are reported to have been captured

AS DANGEROUS AS THE FRONT ford on the Asmara-Adigrat of the Northern Armies accidents owing to it

of troops moving forward across bushes impeding their progress and are delivered only at irregular vailing on the roads across the large rations in case of emergency

LINE! A transport lorry negotiating a road, the so-called "jugular vein" on which there have been countless tortuous and precipitous nature

AFTER THE SKIRMISH: A mule belonging to General Mariotti's column killed during the fighting to the north-east of Makale where an Abyssinian force, whose numbers and whose leaders were unknown, put up a stout resistance, and held up the Italian advance for several days

THE CASE of the CORONER :

A Departmental Committee of the Home Office Inquires Into One of the Oldest Offices Under the Crown

If any man be found killed, and another be found near him, with the knife or other weapon in his hand all bloody, wherewith he killed him, the Coroner shall presently be fetched and in his presence the felon shall, upon the testimony of those who saw the felony done, be judged to death. The like when a person is found in a house, or other place where one shall be found killed, and the person then alive is neither hurt nor wounded, and has not raised the hue and cry, and has not charged any with the felony, and shall not be able to do so.

THUS an account of the duties of a medieval Coroner given by Britton who, writing in the name of the King, published his work in the twentieth year of Edward I. (A.D. 1291–1292).

And now in the year 1935 a departmental committee of the Home Office is sitting to inquire into one of the oldest offices under the Crown. Its report should be available to the public within the next few weeks.

By W. HOLT WHITE

Now the status and powers of Coroners are not only of the greatest importance but of the deepest interest to the general public. It is perhaps a pity that vexed questions which receive so much prominence in the Press should not be given the full-blown dignity of a Royal Commission. For Coroners' inquests concern death in many forms—from murder and homicide to suicide; death by exposure or death due to drugs.

According to the latest available figures—the Home Office Criminal Statistics for England and Wales, 1933—67,458 deaths were reported to his Majesty's Coroners and 31,669 inquests were held during that year.

In the ordinary way Coroners' inquests proceed upon a humdrum course. No one is particularly interested. But now and again there arises some especial case which excites the public imagination and sometimes profoundly stirs its sense of indignation. The proceedings in the Coroner's Court assume almost the proportions of a trial for murder. Some witness who is regarded as suspect is unmercifully "grilled" and it is suspected that the Coroner is playing into the hands of the police or taking his cue from their information and instructions.

Such cases are, fortunately, very rare, but when they do occur, they are apt to be of that kind which the more "popular" Press is quick to dub "sensational." And then the trouble begins.

Everyone was under the impression that the difficult question of Coroners' Courts and their inquests had been finally disposed of by the Coroners' (Amendment) Act of 1926. This amending act followed the Coroners' Act of 1921 which in itself was an Act which superseded the Coroners' Acts of 1887 and 1892.

The Act of 1926 laid down the qualifications of Coroners, especially the question of their salaries, and laid down in full detail too the present procedure of Coroners' Courts; and everyone thought that the matter had been finally disposed of.

But no one could foresee the sequence of "sensational" cases which provoked public opinion to such an extent that the question of the powers of Coroners was raised in the House of Commons. Indeed, such pressure was brought to bear on the Government that the Home Office had no option but to appoint the present departmental committee.

Its proceedings are private, but it is perfectly well known that it has called before it eminent lawyers, distinguished scientists, Coroners of various degrees, authorities from Scotland Yard, and representatives of not a few of the hundred and twenty odd police forces over which the Home Office keeps a watchful eye.

And even the Home Office Departmental Committee has had, like Agag, to walk delicately, because the Coroner, no matter how powerful or insignificant, is a King's man. He can be appointed to his duties by different bodies, but his appointment must be ratified by the King in person. Thereafter, His Majesty's Coroner is subject to the jurisdiction of the Crown Office, and he can be removed only by the Lord Chancellor.

Now there are two schools of thought presenting their opinions to the departmental committee. There is the school which takes the view that the Coroner should be reduced to a subordinate position, in that his sole and restricted function will be to ascertain the immediate cause of death. It will then be left to the police to act upon the verdict of the jury.

As against this there is a much stronger body of opinion that fresh legislation is required to raise the whole status of the office. And it is extremely likely that fresh legislation will be introduced to ensure drastic reforms, not only in the manner of the appointment of coroners, but to lay down the procedure which should be followed in Coroners' courts.

It is extremely likely that it may be recommended that the procedure shall follow largely that of police courts; that witnesses who feel that they have need of counsel's support shall be represented by counsel and that counsel shall be given the right to address the Court.

These recommendations are based on the fact that in some recent cases Coroners have taken upon themselves to combine both the duties of prosecuting counsel and directing judge. Counsel, representing those who had every reason to feel alarmed by the Coroner's attitude, were ordered to remain silent or even peremptorily told to leave the Court.

It seems unfortunate that the action of a few hasty-minded Coroners should have produced a situation in which the whole system of Coroners' inquests was looked at askance; for there are few older or more honourable offices under the Crown, and the rolls contain many instances of high-minded and distinguished men.

The probability is that even the Amending Act of 1926 failed properly to organise the machinery for holding Coroners' inquests. It laid down that, after the passing of the Act, County Coroners or Borough Coroners must be either a barrister, a solicitor, or a legally qualified medical practitioner of not less than five years' standing in his profession. But it failed to lay down any system whereby the Coroner can become possessed of that experience which only the exercise of his profession can give.

A Coroner must, for instance, be able to differentiate between all the various phases of homicide which include murder and manslaughter; deaths from medical treatment; deaths from neglect; deaths from malice; death experienced as a result of extreme provocation; killing unintentionally; dangerous acts; accidents on the highway; contributory negligence; death from sports; killing officers of justice; justifiable homicide, etc.

That alone is a formidable list. And matters are equally complex on the medical side—especially in cases of poisoning, whether the poisoning is administered intentionally or unintentionally.

The payment of Coroner's salaries was also left to local discretion, with amazing and sometimes anomalous results. Salaries ranging from £1,673 per annum in the County of London down to, for example, £14 per annum in Chepstow Manor, Monmouth, and £1 per annum in Trowse Newton Manor, Norfolk, are paid to Coroners. It is only fair to say that there were no inquests in the last-mentioned district in 1933. On the other hand, in return for his salary of £14 in the Chepstow Manor district, the Coroner had to deal with seventeen reported deaths.

In Hertford (St. Albans district) the Coroner's salary is £235 per annum. He had to deal with 383 reported deaths and hold 121 inquests. In Lancashire (West Derby district), where the Coroner's salary is £1,880 per year, he had to deal with 1,330 reported deaths and hold 507 inquests.

Coroners appointed under the present system are at liberty to practise their own profession, whether medical or legal, as circumstances permit, and in the great majority of cases this would be perfectly possible. It is difficult, however, to see how it could be done in the case of a busy district with more than one inquest a day.

The suggestion, therefore, is that the whole country should be mapped out in districts on the same lines as adopted in the County of London, and that the office of Coroner should be a whole-time job with a minimum salary of £1,500 per year.

As against that, if the system were adopted the position would certainly be none too well paid, considering that it would be insisted that the Coroner should not only be a fully-qualified medical man but fully qualified legally as well, for the reasons already set forth; and, furthermore, that he should have experience and practice in both his professions.

That it can be done is instanced by the County of London, where each of the Coroners in charge of the six districts receives a salary of £1,673 per annum. That the system is justified and the emoluments well earned is evidenced by the fact that, though the number of deaths reported to the London Coroners concerned in 1933 was 8,533, and the number of inquests held by them was 3,543, the work of their Courts proceeded methodically and smoothly.

A Court of great distinction is that of the City of London. It does not, curiously enough, carry as large an emolument as that paid to the London County Coroners, but its Courts have nearly always been presided over by men of remarkable distinction. It is this Court which is the unofficial headquarters of the Coroners' Society of England and Wales, which issues privately a Report of the Proceedings of the Society.

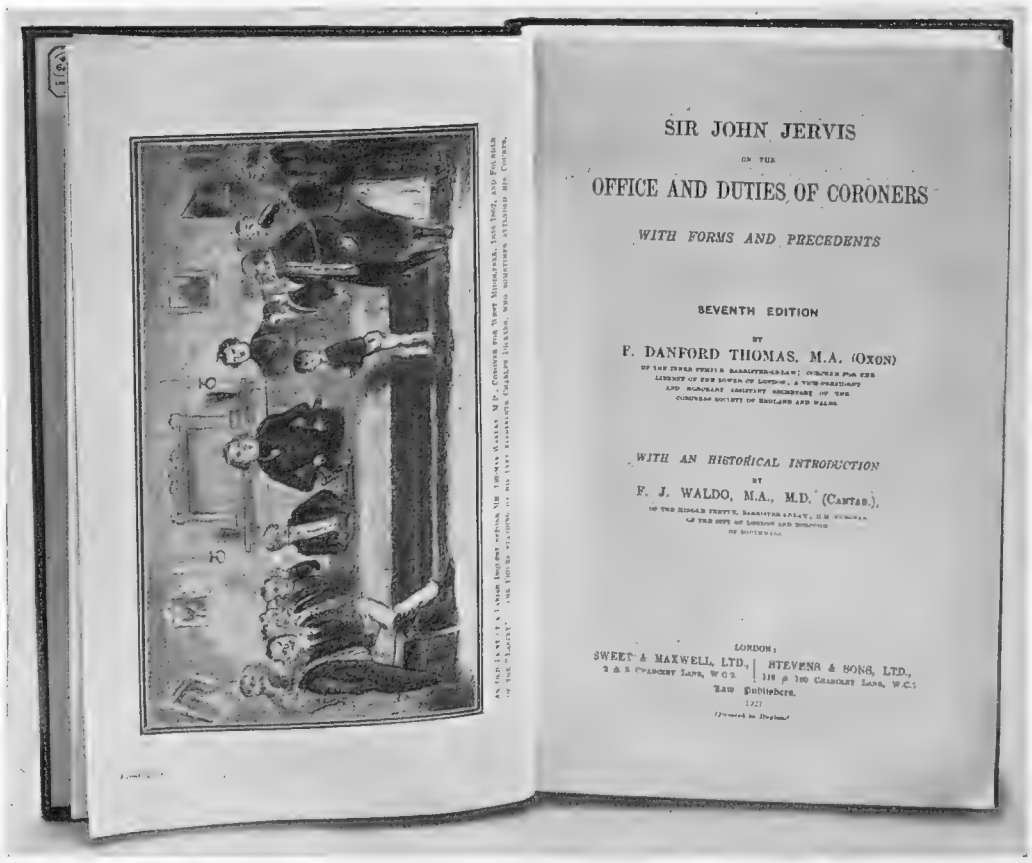
Sir Walter Schroeder, a former Coroner for Central London, is a Past President and present Hon. Secretary and Co-Editor of the Transactions of the Coroners' Society. At the age of eighty-one he still takes an active interest in the Society.

But the great bulk of the honorary and onerous work falls on Mr. Francis Danford Thomas, a vice-president of the society and assistant hon. secretary. Mr. Danford Thomas is, of course, the present Coroner for the City of London and also the borough of Southwark.

Mr. Danford Thomas is not only a champion of the office, but the doughty and sometimes plain-spoken friend of Coroners in general. Practically never a day passes but there come to his office in Golden Lane letters from county or borough Coroners asking his advice on every conceivable matter connected with the office, from procedure to pensions, and to these inquiries Mr. Danford Thomas gives painstaking replies.

His one complaint is that Coroners will not read their "Jervis." *Sir John Jervis on the Office and Duties of Coroners*, with forms and precedents, is a standard work on the judicial office which the introduction to the work itself says is "lost in

(Continued on p. 486)

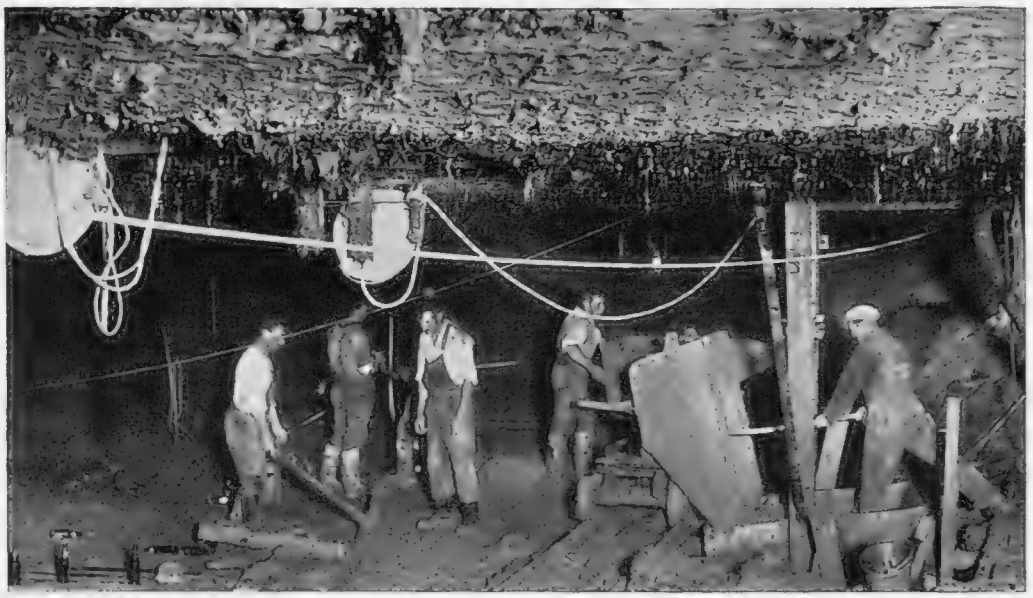


A STANDARD WORK: The frontispiece and title-page of *Sir John Jervis on the Office and Duties of Coroners*—an indispensable volume for all holders of judicial office. It was written in 1829 and is now in its seventh edition. Charles Dickens appears in the interesting frontispiece shown on the left

BRIDGES OF THE NEW AND OLD WORLDS

Two Notable Engineering Works in Concrete and Steel

SPANNING THE DELAWARE RIVER: The imposing new Tacony-Palmyra Bridge which is eight miles from the centre of Philadelphia and provides a further link between Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It is chiefly notable for its central cantilever arch, built to allow the passage of cargo vessels



A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING: The Danish Government has for many years cherished the idea of speeding up transport between the mainland and the various islands of the kingdom by the elimination of the ferries and the erecton of railway bridges, but it was not until 1927 that a start was made, and it was only recently, enormous difficulties having been overcome, that the first of these structures was completed. This is the new bridge from Jutland to Funen, and the above pictures show the early stages of the work. *Left*—Caissons being sunk, and (*right*) men excavating the pier foundations at the bottom of the caissons.

THE BIG BRIDGE OVER THE LITTLE BELT: Two more pictures taken during the construction of the first link between Jutland and the island of Funen—a structure almost a mile in length, with piers sunk to a depth of 100 ft. below sea level and with arches offering a clearance of 150 ft. for shipping. *Left*—A crane at work on a platform high above the water. *Right*—Two of the completed concrete arches towering above the pines on the Jutland side of the Straits

GERMANY'S LATEST: The new Junkers twin-engined high-speed air liner *J86*, which will be put into service in 1936 on the routes of the Deutsche Lufthansa. It is a monoplane fitted with a retractable undercarriage and with the well-known Junkers type double-wing. There is accommodation for about ten passengers

INSTRUCTION IN A NEW MEDIUM: Imperial Airways' pilots receiving lessons at Hamble, Hampshire, in the operation of flying boats in order to fit them for taking part in the Atlantic Survey flights and experimental air mail services which are to be inaugurated next year between Britain and the United States

A MISHAP ON THE ENGLAND–AFRICA SERVICE: The Imperial Airways machine *City of Jodhpur*, which as a result of engine failure made a forced landing in a swamp about ten miles from Entebbe, Uganda. Fortunately nobody was hurt and the mails were saved, but a road had to be built in order to salvage the 'plane

THE TATSFIELD AIR DISASTER: The wreckage of the Croydon-bound Belgian air liner which, possibly as a result of engine trouble, crashed last week on the Surrey–Kent border, causing the deaths of all the passengers and members of the crew. Among the victims was Sir John Carden the well-known engineer, who had achieved distinction by his work in connection with aero engines and tanks. Last May it was reported that he had designed a new type of light 'plane which would make possible the "production of the £100 family machine"

MONOPLANE *or* BIPLANE?

How the Former Type is Rapidly Gaining in Favour

IN the early days of flying the design of aeroplanes was about equally divided as between the monoplane and the biplane. The monoplane seemed the most logical type taking an analogy from bird life, but the biplane offered a considerably larger lifting surface without increase in the overall dimensions of a machine and furthermore it could be more rigidly braced and was therefore stronger.

During the war although monoplanes were occasionally used by the British services, notably the Bristol monoplanes which proved very successful in the Near East, we relied almost entirely on biplane construction for our fighting and bombing machines. Other nations were not so hidebound, and both France and Germany made considerable use of monoplanes both for land machines and seaplanes. Germany it was who began to use, first in the Fokker fighters and later in the Junkers monoplanes, the very thick high lift wings which are an outstanding feature of modern monoplane construction.

The end of the war saw the monoplane still out of favour with the British Air Ministry and since the first civil machines were converted from military use the pro-biplane prejudice was carried on into civil aviation. It is only comparatively recently that monoplane construction has found favour for commercial machines and it is now beginning to be used for military aircraft.

For civil aviation the trend to-day is all towards the monoplane. Its use aids the demand for higher speed by eliminating the struts and bracing wires between the wings required by the biplane, and the thickness towards the wing roots needed by the unbraced monoplane wing to give it adequate strength provides convenient stowage room for the petrol tanks which would otherwise take up valuable space within the fuselage. Further the high speeds demanded to-day have made it desirable to arrange the undercarriage to fold up when in flight so as to reduce the drag or wind resistance. The thin wings of the biplane do not afford adequate stowage space for wheels and undercarriage struts but the deep roots of the monoplane wing give ample room in which to house wheels, undercarriage struts, and the gear which folds them up and down.

Thus it has come about that for civil machines the monoplane type is almost universally used in Germany, France, and the U.S.A. and this type has increased rapidly in England where the biplane arrangement was retained much longer than elsewhere.

Designers are now using highly tapered wings, broad at the root near the fuselage and narrowing towards the tips. Apart from the advantages offered by the thick monoplane wing for stowing petrol tanks and folding undercarriage in its wing roots the tapered form is lighter for a given area than a wing with parallel edges, it is also stronger and gives greater manœuvrability. It is lighter because the load is concentrated near the wing root where the wing is broadest and thickest and this allows great stiffness in torsion to be obtained.

The trend towards the use of tapered wing monoplanes is most noticeable in the latest designs for civil aircraft from the largest air liners down to the smallest machine built for the private owner. From the big Short Empire flying boats and the Armstrong Whitworth land machines which are now being built to form the new fleet of Imperial Airways down to the little Swallow open two-seater built by the British Aircraft Manufacturing Company all the latest machines have tapered wings.

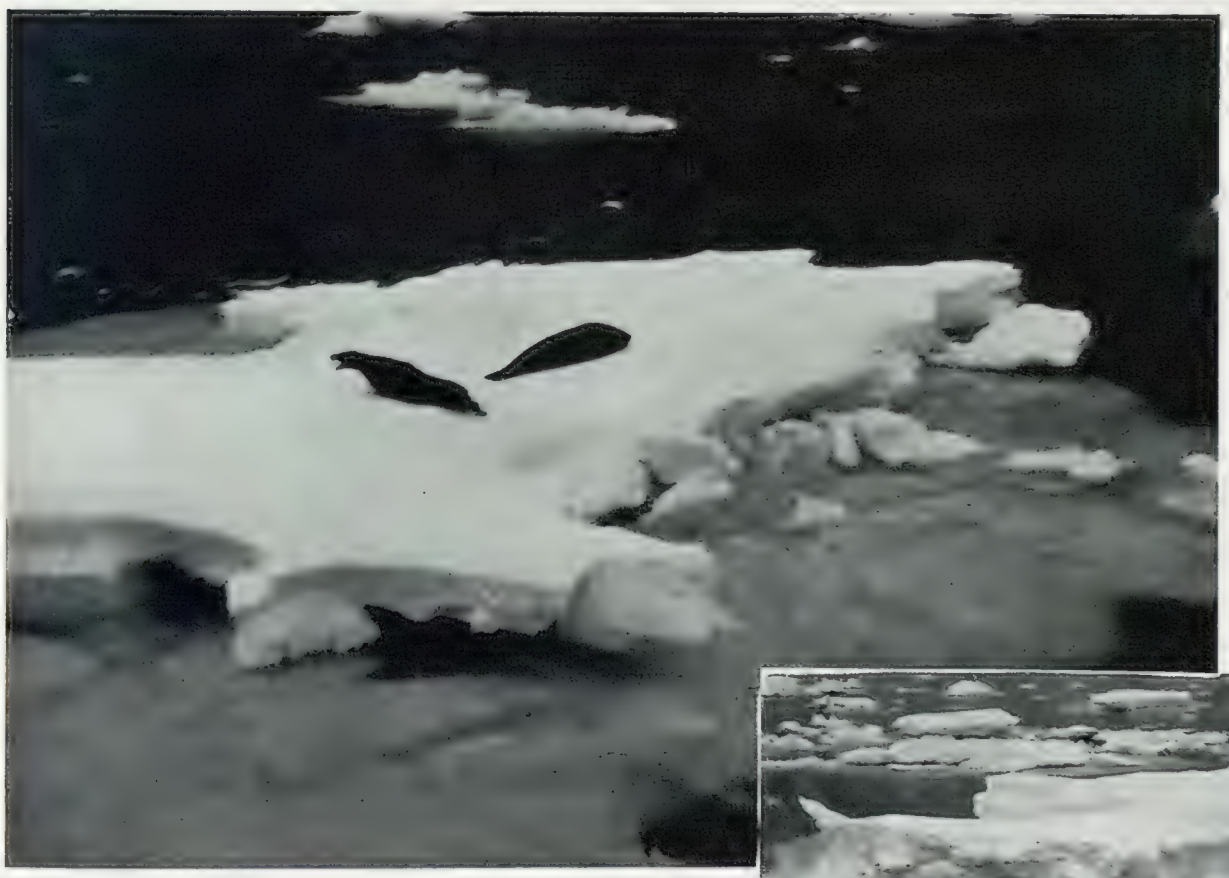
It is surprising that although the monoplane has been increasingly favoured for civil work during the last few years it has not hitherto made much headway as part of the equipment of the R.A.F. This has been in part due to the lag which has until recently existed between the issue of specifications by the Air Ministry and the issue of machines built to those specifications for service use. This has often amounted to five years or even more.

The need for rapid expansion of the R.A.F. to meet our defence requirements has produced a welcome break from the old slow system which caused R.A.F. equipment to lag so far behind the latest designs, and in the future the monoplane is likely to take a much more prominent place in service armament. Already a number of tapered wing monoplanes are coming through for the service although two at least of these, the *Bristol 142*, which has a speed of almost 270 m.p.h., and the *Avro Anson*, were originally produced as medium capacity civil passenger machines. The tapered monoplane wing is also used on the big bomber transport machines which have recently been produced to the order of the Air Ministry.

C. D. Palmer

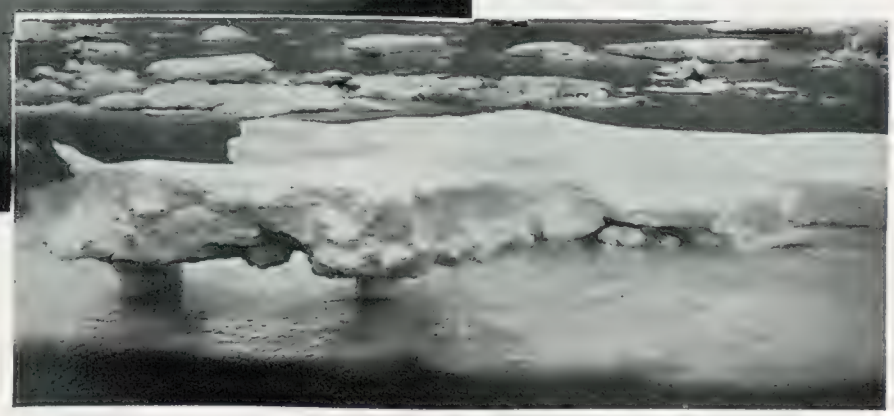
WHERE THE ICE KING REIGNS : *An Antarctic Wonderland*

THE FLOATING SPHINX! A mass of ice formed into a grotesque shape after breaking away from a berg in the course of disintegration by wind and weather —a remarkable picture taken not far from South Georgia, at 58° S. 32 W., during a whaling expedition to the Antarctic in midsummer (December). The wind causes the shallow-draught ice to drift much more quickly than a ship, but the large bergs, going many fathoms below the surface, are affected only by the currents



A TABULAR BERG TYPICAL OF THE ANTARCTIC: This type is formed by gigantic pieces of ice breaking from the Continental shelf, and it is of totally different appearance from the bergs emanating from the glaciers of the Arctic. They are generally between 50 ft. and 150 ft. in height and many miles in length, so that it must be assumed that the small example illustrated here has "calved" from a larger one some months or even years back. It is showing the effects of erosion by sea and weather

Below — THE LAST STAGES OF EROSION: A rapidly-disintegrating floe with the surface layer "undercut" by the action of the waves, thus leaving it supported on two slender pillars



CRAB-EATER SEALS BASKING ON A FLOE: One of them is sleeping soundly, but the other yawns and complains at the rude disturbance of his nap by the passing of the whaleboat. These creatures spend much of their time on the ice in summer, but in the winter, when the air is colder than the sea, they prefer the latter element, always taking care, however, to keep a hole in the ice for breathing purposes

WINTER'S

AN ALPINE SENTINEL

A lone tree strikingly silhouetted against the sombre winter sky

DAWN BREAKS OVER THE MOUNTAINS

WOODLAND FAIRYLAND

A picturesque path through the woods —a camera study in light and shade

"WHEN ICICLES HANG BY TH
almost snowed under. *On left.*
Juvenile ski-ing enthusiasts h

MANTLE

Early morning among the snow peaks, with the sun gleaming fitfully across the frozen lake

THE WALL": A Swiss farmhouse
ft and right—BEGINNING YOUNG:
ts having the time of their lives

Conifers weighed down after an unusually heavy fall on the heights

SNOWY BURDEN

A wayside church reflected in the crystal clear waters of a mountain lake

NATURE'S MIRROR

Carreras Ltd:, 150 Years' Reputation for Quality.

The present your friend will really appreciate

Craven 'A'

IN THE SMART NEW

CHRISTMAS PACKING

Ready to post!

You'd be mighty pleased to unwrap one of these cheery Craven "A" Christmas boxes yourself on Christmas morning. Well, so would many of your friends and relations! Besides, it is such a quick, convenient, inexpensive way to solve that gift problem! Craven "A" cork-tipped quality cigarettes are popular everywhere because they're easy on the throat. They're a present certain to please.

Here's the underneath of all the Craven "A" Christmas packings. Write in your name and your gift's ready to post.

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS.

THE STAGE AND SCREEN ABROAD

Paris Flocks to See Historical Productions

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE: The lovely Princess Aurora (Elissa Landi) enters the ballroom with her brother-in-law, the Grand-Duke Frederic (John Lodge); a colourful episode in the new French historical film, *Konigsmark*, which is based on the book by Pierre Benoit, the writer who is regarded to-day as the leading French exponent of the adventure story

THE SMILING DUKE AND THE ANGRY PRINCESS: John Lodge and Elissa Landi in another scene from *Königsmark*—an English version of which will probably be sent to this country shortly

OF "BLUE ANGEL" FAME: Emil Jannings as Professor Niemeyr and Hilde von Stolz, who takes the part of his paramour in *Traumulus*—a German picture which has just been completed

THE QUEEN AND HER FAITHFUL SERVITOR: Elizabeth (Germaine Dermoz) and Lord Burghley (René Rocher) in André Jasset's historical play, *La Femme Sans Homme*, at the Vieux Colombier Theatre in Paris. This type of production is now enjoying a great vogue in France; a distinct reaction from the witty, sparkling, modern comedies of the Guitry variety

THE ROYAL FAVOURITE: Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and Queen Elizabeth as portrayed by Jacques Erwin and Germaine Dermoz in *La Femme Sans Homme*, a play notable for its elaborate settings, beautiful costumes, and clever acting

COURT INTRIGUE: The Duke of Alencon (Maurice Nasil) overhears a conversation between King Henry III (Pierre Fresnay) and his sister (Yvonne Printemps), an episode from *Margot*, another Paris historical production which is playing to packed houses at the Marigny Theatre

THE CHILDREN COME TO TOWN: *Left*—Father Christmas and two of his young visitors at a London store. *Right*—Buying a doll at the Caledonian market, where a lot can be got for a little

Mussolini and Father Christmas

Il Duce Upsets the Gift Market by Creating a Demand for Toy Abyssinian Soldiers

By CHARLES GRAVES

YOU would have thought that Father Christmas at least would not be affected by international politics. And yet this December even the nurseries are going to show signs of the international situation. Not only have Italian toys been banned by the children and their parents. There has been a tremendous demand for toy black soldiers with the putties, bare legs, and feather headdresses of the Abyssinian Army. The extraordinary part of it is that toy manufacturers did not realize until the last minute that there would be this vast and sudden request, with the result that less than a week ago there was not an Abyssinian soldier on the market despite the universal demand for them.

One reason for this apparent lack of foresight on the part of the toy makers is that as with women's clothes, the fashions in toys are set at least ten months ahead. It is satisfactory to know that 90 per cent. of the toys on sale in Great Britain this Christmas will be of British manufacture. The orders for them were made as long ago as in February. For it is at the Toy Section of the British Industries Fair held at Olympia in February that the orders are placed. The other ten per cent. of toys come chiefly from Germany, Czechoslovakia, and America.

The German dolls are apparently still supreme. There is a climatic reason for this. The Bavarian clay is much easier to mould than the English, and the climate is drier than ours. From America come all the Micky Mouse toys. Czechoslovakia specialises in miniature toys.

Fashions in toys, as I say, bear a considerable similarity to fashions in women's clothes. There are in each case general tendencies, and in addition, special annual novelties. This year, children are being invited to form collections of miniature motor cars. They are less than six inches long and include miniature cabriolets, sports saloons, limousines, streamlined sports cars, streamlined saloon cars, touring cars, town coupés, tractors, delivery lorries, delivery vans, pantechnicons, omnibuses, and steam rollers.

Children become more scientifically and mechanically minded every year. That is one of the chief trends. When I was small most of the toys were, so to speak, manual. I am thinking of plasticine and games like spillikins. These still continue to have a sale, of course, but it is not so great as before. Even in the cases of boxes of bricks and constructional games there is a new fashion. Instead of being made in metal they are now made of bakelite and rubber. This means that they are much more hygienic, as they can be washed, and of course the rubber bricks make less noise when they fall.

Yes, children are becoming even air-minded. There are all kinds of toy aeroplanes on the market. They are also demanding tanks this Christmas—another sign of Mussolini's influence on the British nursery. Until this year nearly all clockwork toys were made in Germany, but our own manufacturers have started to supply this demand.

The little girls of 1935 are being encouraged to collect "Period" furniture for dolls' houses. Queen Anne, Tudor, and Jacobean suites only an inch or two long are being bought right and left. Marionette shows (made in England) and miniature theatres are another British novelty this year. Stencilling has come back but with a difference. It can be done now with rubber, cardboard, or tin implements. Little girls this year are also taking a vital interest in housewifery toys. Miniature electric irons, laundry sets, electric stoves, and kitchenettes are being sold in vast quantities.

Of the novelties this year there is "Microphone Sam." This is the figure of a negro which does a step dance to gramophone music or a wireless set, being actuated by the vibrations of the music. You will see these all over the country. Radio Rex is another sure bet. It is a bulldog of celluloid in a kennel. He is also a scientific toy in so far as he jumps out of his kennel as soon as you clap your hands or say his name. He, too, is actuated by vibration. You might have thought that the Belisha Beacon cup and ball game would be topical and therefore successful, but apparently there is no great demand for it. On the other hand, motor garages are selling like hot cakes. By contrast, toy pianos are not so good. No doubt children prefer the wireless. Not even Abyssinia or the League of Nations can prevent the continuous popularity of Noah's arks, teddy bears, snap, and happy families, or a box of bricks.

To return to the novelties, there is a mechanical mouse which will not fall off a table. There is Russian billiards. Why this game, so popular in France for the past three years, has not been imported before, I fail to realise. Another obvious indoor game which has been now put on the market is table badminton. Jig-saw puzzles are coming back with special designs like that of the French crack liner *Normandie*. Practical joke toys are as numerous as ever. The new ones this year include a box with a disappearing cigarette; a squeaking napkin; chocolates full of pepper, string, wadding, or salt; a sauce bottle with a snake inside it. Most popular of all, however, is the dribbling glass. Its sales go up every year among grown-ups as well as children.

Again we come to the influence of Mussolini on the nursery. Globes of the world are selling better than they have done since the war. American gangsters, by contrast, have little effect on children. A gunman's fancy dress is the nearest approach to it.

Hullo! our tour of London's most famous toy shop is interrupted by another sign of the times. Trenches, if you please are selling hard, while every set of the Coronation of the Abyssinian Emperor was sold months ago.

Father Christmas is certainly a topical chap always ready to adapt himself to circumstances. There is a special line in rocking horses for flats. They are small sized with tubular runners. My objection to them is that they are so modern in design that there is nothing for the child to pat in the way of a flowing mane or flowing tail, the latter being merely a stump.

Dominoes and draughts still hold their own, but climbing toys are a new fad. So are special wireless sets decorated with the Three Little Pigs so that the children can have their own radio in the nursery. Dart boards are bought heavily, but mostly for the parents' own use; and again to show how clever Father Christmas is to take advantage of topical events, mouth organs are being featured heavily as a result of Larry Adler's popularity. Many dolls looking like Shirley Temple are being bought. Some internationally-minded children are even collecting dolls of all the nations—Spanish, Tyrolean, and so on.

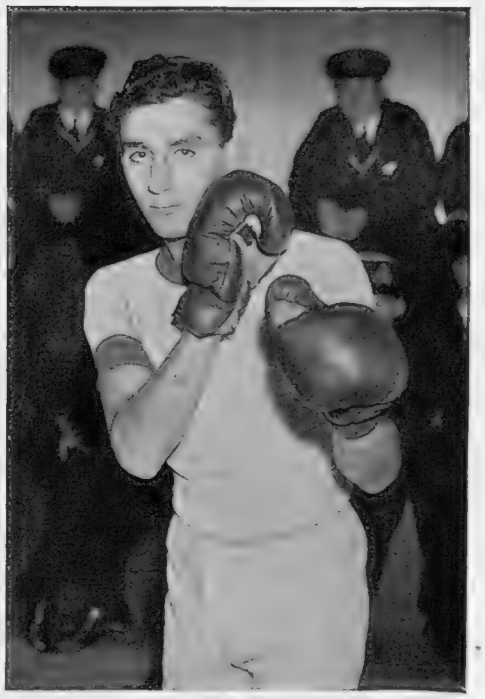
All told, one can expect that in the next few days as much as £840,000 will have been spent in the Christmas toy trade. It is not, however, an industry which anybody can enter with certainty of success. It is true there are general tendencies among children, but it is the simplest thing in the world for a manufacturer or a buyer, if inexperienced enough to make a bad guess as to the mentality of children, to find himself landed with thousands of pounds worth of unwanted toys. And an unwanted toy is about the most useless thing in the world.

On the other hand, fortunes can be made. Think of the thousands of pounds which must have been made by the firm which invented Corinthian bagatelle. Imagine, by contrast, the losses of manufacturers who found themselves caught with quantities of Mah Jong sets when the peak of the craze for that fascinating Chinese game passed suddenly. Admittedly there are signs of its revival this Christmas; but it is a good instance of what may happen if you are not careful.

What Other People Are Doing

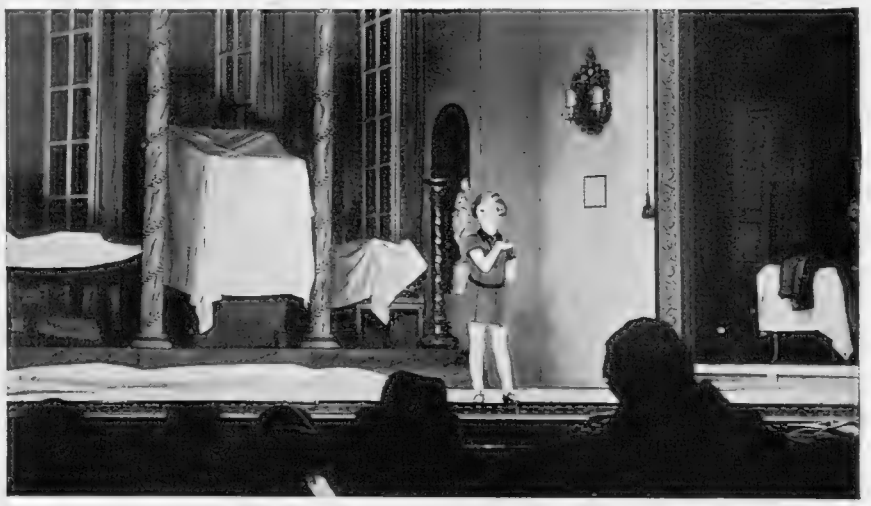
A Personal Page

AT HOME: Master Edward Hardwicke, son of Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke, recently held a party at 15, Hyde Park Terrace, and among his youthful guests were the children of a number of stage celebrities. *Left to right, centre row*—John Jympson Harman, Michael Pollock (son of Ellen Pollock), and John Hammond. *Left to right in front*—The host, Jeanette Ryan (granddaughter of Sir Gerald Ryan), and Suzanne Leigh Holman (daughter of Vivienne Leigh)



PRINCE HAMID KADJAR, son of the ex-Shah of Persia, who has won the Senior Boxing Championship of the training ship *Worcester*. He is a fine all-round athlete, and is also in *Worcester's* first teams at cricket and rugby

HIS LILLIPUTIAN ARMY: Mr. Walter Lockwood, secretary of the newly formed Society of Collectors of Model Soldiers, with a portion of his own collection which was recently on view at the Queen Victoria Soldiers' Home, Woolwich



YOUTH "STRUTS ITS STUFF": A juvenile aspirant for stage honours giving a recitation at the Ambassadors Theatre when an audition was held to choose players for the afternoon variety shows for children by children, which are being run by Sydney Carroll

TO CREATE ORDER OUT OF CHAOS: Mr. Philip Stokes, an engineer and surveyor to Canvey Urban Council, who has been chosen for the responsible task of supervising the rebuilding of the earthquake-devastated city of Quetta

QUID PRO QUO: Master Pat Rutherford (grandson of Lord Rutherford, the celebrated scientist) receiving from Sir Josiah Stamp, chairman of the London Midland and Scottish Railway, a model of the new locomotive which he had just christened at St. Pancras Station

L'INCROYABLE: Mr. T. Vickery with his planetarium which recently attracted much attention at an exhibition at Dorland House, Regent Street. It is said to be so accurate that it would be at least 300 years before any fault in its mechanism could be detected

MOVING OFF TO DRAW: A recent meet of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds at Speen, near High Wycombe. On the right is the Old Plow Inn for the purchase of which Miss Ishbel MacDonald has been negotiating for some time

WINTER VISITORS

The Crossbills and the Redwings

NATURE has seen to it that this day shall, whatever else may betide, be a seasonable one. And therefore snow has fallen overnight and the dawn discovers a cold and shining world. A snowy world, but one—from the Wild Creatures' point of view—fortunately untouched by any hint of the devastating frost.

The emptiness of the woodland places is now entirely concealed from sight, beneath a fleecy canopy. The leafless trees are thickly plumed in white; each blade of grass—each frond of herbage—is crystallised, and has become a thing of delicacy. Whilst the wintry skies range through all the soft shades upon a ringdove's wing—from the deep wine-grey about the horizon, to the even ash-grey of the zenith.

Where the lofty pine trees stand, grouped in solitary state, there is now an influx of winged life. During these last few days a flock of crossbills has chosen to visit here, and the birds fill the great branches with their numerous activities; their movements frequently dislodging the snow which lies lightly upon these.

One of the company seems to prefer the lower boughs. He does not join in with his kindred who are occupied above him; but for the time being he is pursuing his investigations in solitude. Thus he has made himself the most conspicuous of the party. And when, at rare intervals, the pale wintry light sends a faint beam to penetrate some short distance into the deep shadows, the fine colouring and a certain strangeness in the appearance of the lonely crossbill are momentarily revealed. There are warm shades of yellow, orange, and brick-red, which all intermingle in his plumage. He is a handsome fellow. But it is his beak which adds such an interest to his personality; for it is here that his especial peculiarity shows itself. The upper and the lower mandible cross over one another; the lower extending to a point above the upper; which gives to the bird a strange and freakish look. This crossbill and the remainder of the flock may claim some part of Scandinavia as their home; for most of this species come from overseas. And, this being so, they will pass only the colder months in these Islands, moving onwards when the milder season approaches. When that is established they will make the return journey back to their accustomed nesting haunts.

There is, at the moment, another visitor to one of these tall pine-trees—a very small visitor whose comings and goings so often pass altogether unnoticed. The golden-crested wren. These exquisite morsels of feathered existence are in the unique position of being the smallest of all our British birds.

This particular one is just now engaged in exploring the possibilities of a pine branch—quietly intent upon his own concerns. When, presently he changes the scene of his exploration, and flits over to another tree close by, he utters two or three times a tiny sibilant cry—this being in answer to the call of his friend—another golden-crested wren, invisibly at work in the near neighbourhood.

AFTER A LIGHT FALL: A Christmastide snow scene on a country road

Just beyond the place where the thicket rises high above the underwood there is evidence upon the level ground that some small animal has lately passed along this way. There are footprints to be seen here which mark a track across from copse to thicket where the weasel has crossed over whilst wandering in search of food. This weather drives him forth from his lurking places, and the wary robber is more likely to be met with now than at any other time.

It was in the earlier part of last month that the hedgehog who haunts this place, passed also across this piece of ground. But—for him—this was a walk of much importance, a very particular occasion, as being his last walk of the year. His arrangements for the long winter months being complete, he had decided that the world had grown too chill and dreary for his taste; and therefore the time had come temporarily to betake himself away from such discomfort. And thus he now lays snug a-bed within the underwood—deep down beneath a thick warm blanket of dry leaves and herbage; and cares naught for what may befall in the disagreeable outside world.

In the wide pastures a flock of hungry redwing are desperately engaged in the difficult task of finding enough to eat. They are not a hardy species and consequently they suffer considerably during a long spell of severe weather. However, conditions are not too trying for them this time, so they are contriving to pick up something of a sufficiency to satisfy their hunger.

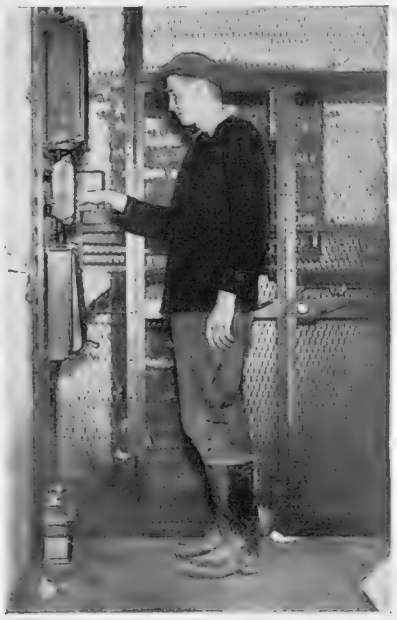
Muriel W. Haywood

FARMING DE LUXE

Modern Methods that are Revolutionising the Agricultural Industry

THRESHING RECENTLY HARVESTED SOYA BEANS AT BOREHAM, ESSEX: The completion of a successful experiment in speeding up growth and thus preventing the crop from damage by the autumn frosts. The by-products of the soya are used extensively in the making of soaps, varnishes, enamels, etc., and now that it is possible to bring the beans to maturity more quickly immense possibilities in this direction are opened up for the farmer. *Left*—Part of the crop

Below—POWER FOR AGRICULTURE: The cables which bring the current to Messrs. James Day's all-electric farm at Staplehurst, Kent



A COUNTY COUNCIL SHOWS THE WAY: Lettuce being got ready for Christmas (*left*) and soil being placed in a sterilisation oven (*right*) before use at the Kent C.C.'s new Glass-house Demonstration Centre at Swanley, where the most up-to-date methods are being tried out with a view to assisting market gardeners in their work

THE MAIN SWITCHBOARD: A scene on the remarkable all-electric farm at Staplehurst, Kent, one of the most modernly equipped in the country

THE ALL-ELECTRIC FARM: Two more pictures showing the working of the experiment at Staplehurst, Kent. *Above*—An employee regulating the motors that drive the two 60-in. fans used in a new process of drying hops by steam and hot air. *Right*—The plum grader which sorts out fruit according to weight and size, delivering it through chutes to the boxes and thus saving it from being bruised by excessive handling. The farm also possesses an apple grader which is worked by a small 2-h.p. motor and is capable of coping with a thousand bushels a day, while pumps and hop-spraying apparatus are other outstanding features

AN ENGLISH

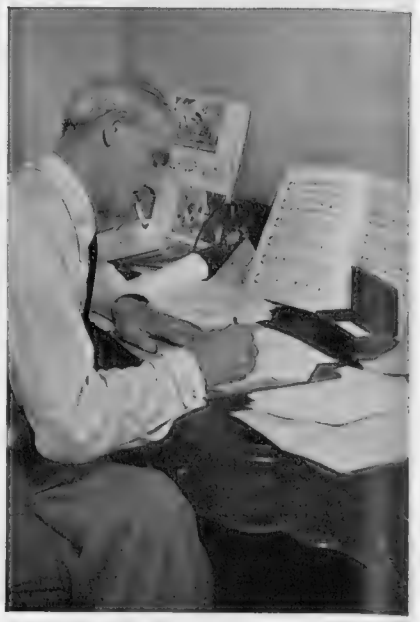
Mr. Anson Dyer and ducing Colour Cartoons

Pictures by William Davis

"THE PLAY-BACK": For his first cartoon Mr. Anson Dyer is adapting to the screen that mirth-provoking tale, "Sam and the Musket," with Stanley Holloway, of course, doing the talking. Here the Technical Supervisor is listening to a record of Mr. Holloway's voice, and from this is preparing charts to guide the draughtsmen or animators in producing their original pencil drawings, which naturally must be made to synchronise with the sound track

THE SECOND PHASE: Making on sheets of celluloid, tracings of the sketches produced by the animators. *On right*—The tracings placed in a frame and photographed with a camera suspended from above

EXAMINING A COMPLETED CARTOON FOR DEFECTS before sending it to be photographed



THE PRESIDING GENIUS: Mr. Anson Dyer making rough sketches of his humorous characters, the elaboration of which he entrusts to his staff

AN ASSISTANT ANIMATOR: Mr. Privett, another member of the staff of draughtsmen, who does the intermediate sketches which are modelled on the "keys" but each of which reveals some slight variations

Mr. Anson Dyer is the English Walt Disney and the creator of the new British colour cartoons. His first production is a screen version of that immortal tale "Sam and the Musket," Stanley Holloway speaking the part. It is both decorative and extremely funny.

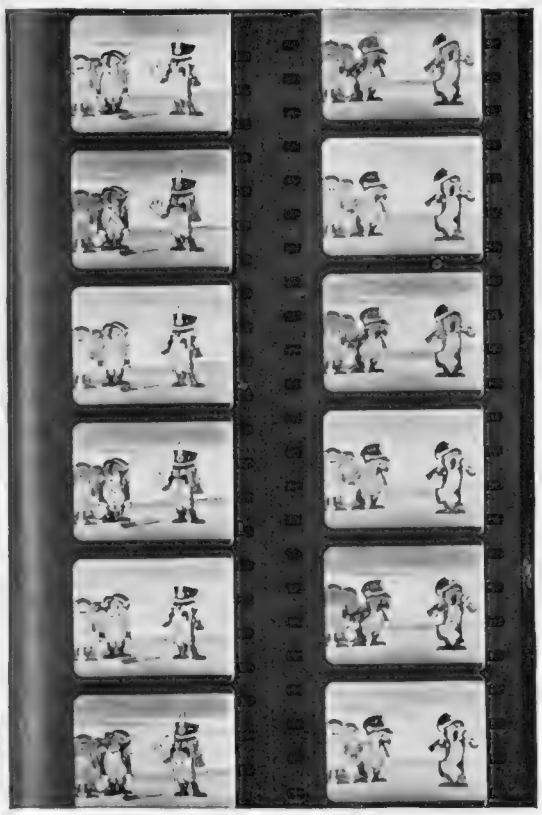
If others of the series reach the same standard, and there is no reason why they should not, Mickey and Minnie are in for a really hard battle for the cartoon crown. For years Mr. Dyer has worked on diagrammatic film cartoons illustrating mechanical and medical processes. He often thought of making a series of comic cartoons for public release, but the lack of a suitable

IN THE COLOURING ROOM: Where painted by hand—a task demanding any errors or inconsistencies in

WALT DISNEY

His Staff at Work Pro- in a London Film Studio

THE CHIEF ANIMATOR AT WORK: Mr. Myller preparing the all-important key drawings from the charts supplied by the Technical Supervisor and the rough sketches supplied by Mr. Anson Dyer



READY FOR SCREENING: Completed strips of cartoon giving an idea of the numerous drawings necessary to "animate" even one incident in the film. Altogether about 15,000 sketches have to be made

thousands of separate drawings are the greatest care, as on the screen tone would be enormously magnified

SUPERIMPOSITION: The figures of the characters in the cartoon traced on a sheet of celluloid to which is about to be attached a coloured background, thus completing the image. *On right* — a close-up view of the camera used for photographing the celluloid sheets. Note the revolving colour filters in front of the lens

central character discouraged him. He had not wished to plagiarise Disney with yet another animal hero. But when the idea of using Stanley Holloway's sketches entered his mind he knew he had found a winner. Here was humour particularly British, tested and tried and calling out for the camera. He formed a company, Anglia Films, Ltd., took a whole floor in a Jermyn Street office and converted it into studios, engaged a score of artists and technicians, and set to work on his first film *Sam*.

According to report Disney's colour cartoons cost about £10,000 to £12,000 each to make. *Sam* cost between £2,000 and £2,500. That does not mean that it is skimped in any way, but a fortune was saved by economical working and by using the Dunning two-colour process—which gives an astonishing range of tints—instead of an expensive three-colour method. *Sam* is only the first of a series. Everyone in the film industry is interested in it, and within a few weeks arrangements will be made for its distribution.

Stanley Holloway has been signed up for eighteen cartoons, which will be made at the rate of six a year. Girls, working swiftly, colour the thousands of outline drawings passed from the "animation" department, where the minute variations of position in each picture are determined. In all 15,000 separate drawings are prepared and photographed separately to produce one cartoon.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A Critical Analysis of George Moore—A Brilliant Account of Lady Hamilton in her Heyday

By VERNON FANE

IN relation to his importance, George Moore has been perhaps the most critically neglected author of the past decade. For the man in the street, I suppose, he is never an "easy" writer; and for all that he chose to express his ideas in action and character in the form commonly called the novel, his published work in the later and more important half of his career was of an immensely high standard, deliberately set.

Moreover, his habit of publishing books in limited editions probably shut him off from that wider public whose good opinion, in spite of his attitude of intellectual aloofness, he craved; and besides, as Mr. Charles Morgan points out in **EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE** (Macmillan. 5s.) there was always something foreign in Moore's approach—he called it "French"—a trait which the English are inclined neither to like nor to attempt to understand.

These things, however, do not excuse the critical neglect of one of the greatest writers of his generation. I prefer to believe that circumstances—and these are not unconnected with the paucity of sound criticism in the literary field to-day—have conspired against a true appreciation of his work, not only during his lifetime, but since his death.

There is ample evidence in Mr. Charles Morgan's acute and exhilarating little study that this state of affairs might have been largely remedied if he had been able to carry out George Moore's wish, expressed during his lifetime and also in his will, that he (Charles Morgan) should write the biography. Moore was a careful and conscientious artist, and he knew that no critical work upon him could be written in the terms which he wished, i.e. that of character and action, in terms of the true novel, except the biographer had access to certain correspondence written over a period of years. Most unfortunately the recipient of these letters refused; and the promised book by the man best able to write it cannot be written.

One of the most interesting of Mr. Morgan's revelations in this little study is his theory of the continual fight by the artist in George Moore with what he called his *Amico Moorini*, that "disciple" so prominent in his early work, with whose lapses into bad taste he was constantly at war.

I seem to remember a remark of Moore's *à propos* a book which he subsequently suppressed, to the effect that in his early days his prose was "rotten with French idiom." But Mr. Morgan has not written his life, and readers of his book will discover that he has other reasons for the artist's warfare with his other self. How good the artist could be is apparent to anyone who has read *Héloïse and Abelard:* to what degree of perfection he could attain is evident in *Daphnis and Chloe;* while of those critics who have sometimes said that Moore was a great craftsman, with very little of the stuff of life in his work, one can only enquire, with Mr. Morgan, whether *Confessions of a Young Man* is not worthy to stand with the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

In the spate of lusty and virile literature which has crossed the Atlantic in the past few years, the discriminating may already have noted the work of John Steinbeck, whose *Pastures of Heaven* and *To A God Unknown* placed him among novelists to be remembered and reckoned with. Each of these books had a deep spiritual significance, and each bore the marks of more profundity than most contemporary American novels.

It is surprising, therefore, to come across a story which is little more than a piece of high-spirited fun from the pen of Mr. John Steinbeck. **TORTILLA FLAT** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) *is* good fun, full of gusto and swift action, and of very little significance other than that of a rollicking story about a number of rascals.

Danny and his friends were what are called *paisanos* in California—the curiously interbred progeny of anything but Anglo-Saxon stock. They were a lazy, dirty, drunken, thieving crew, and their adventures are on a par with their characters. It is all very amusing, and Mr. Steinbeck could not write badly if he tried; but I see little in this book except the light-hearted diversion of a serious novelist, and, incidentally, an excellent novel with which to while away an odd half-hour.

PATRIOTIC LADY (Bodley Head. 15s.) is the story of Nelson's Emma Hamilton, and it is the most detached, ironic, and brilliant account of that voluptuous lady's heydays that I have yet read. This is in its way a model of biography, unbiassed, comprehensive, inevitably a little cynical, and a little amused, and as clear a picture of that extravagant, turbulent time as could be written.

HISTORIAN OF "EVERYDAY THINGS": Mrs. Quennell's portrait of the late C. H. B. Quennell, whose death at the age of sixty-three brings to an end a long and brilliant partnership with his wife, during which they combined to produce their famous series of books, primarily for children, but appealing none the less to adults, in which they told the story of things in everyday use throughout the ages, intentionally ignoring military and political achievements. Some of their works are said to have reached a sale of 100,000 copies, and many of them are in use in schools throughout the country

The honours are Miss Marjorie Bowen's, who is writing better than ever, and surely must be a great source of encouragement to young writers of biographies or historical romances or present-day novels.

The period with which Miss Bowen is mainly concerned is Lord Nelson's stay in Naples and Sicily, where the Queen of Naples made a strange third to this already notorious couple, and where Emma had what can only be described as the "time of her life." Emma Hamilton was at the height of her beauty at that time. Later, as contemporary caricatures show, she grew too fat, and was both careless and blowsily dressed. But now, with her Nelson, and her dear Sir William, for Emma had a tolerant, contemptuous affection for her elderly husband, and the queen, that "good and virtus" lady, Lady Hamilton was at the height of her success, and was, in her own exuberant, good-tempered way, enjoying herself hugely.

Emma never lost her high spirits, and as her old friends and Nelson himself died, she learnt more and more to live in the present moment. Even imprisonment for debt did not quench her irrepressible gaiety, and her own death found "on her face, no look of anguished penitence, but the mere apathy of boredom." Emma Hamilton, dying in that "respectable fourposter," was once more the dull little Amy Lyon of her youth.

More than eight years ago Miss Katherine Mayo's *Mother India* was published, and had the same effect in India and England as a well-administered electric shock. Since that time Miss Mayo's fervent crusade against child marriage and many other Hindu customs has had some effect, and her latest book is an interesting and authoritative sequel.

THE FACE OF MOTHER INDIA (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), is mainly a collection of photographs which cover, as the title indicates, hundreds of phases of Indian life, and prefaced by what Miss Mayo calls the "story" of this "land of internal antagonisms."

Some of the pictures hardly need any captions, but they are generally explained, some in great detail, and with Miss Mayo's own often biting comment, for her contempt of the Hindu is only equalled by her admiration for the progress of the British administration. The one exception, curiously enough, is her regret that Queen Victoria ever issued her famous proclamation "that none be in any wise . . . molested or disquieted by reason of their religious faith or observances . . . on pain of our highest displeasure." This has always seemed to most of us one of the wisest edicts ever issued in connection with Indian rule.

Looking through this book, though many of the photographs are almost unbearable in their horror and poignancy, is one of the most effective ways that anyone could have devised for understanding this strange country a little better, a little more deeply.

"It it a chatty book on the Far East?"

"Exactly," answered Miss Madeleine Munday, delighted to find that she had been "presented at last gratuitously" with the description of her book that she had been searching.

That is a fairly accurate description of Miss Munday's **FAR EAST** (Stanley Paul. 16s.), even if it is not a very impressive tribute, and in spite of the fact that the author, in her modesty, seems satisfied with it, I should like to enlarge on it a little.

These are really travel notes, with a pleasantly informal, autobiographical flavour, and China and Japan are the scenes of the adventures, which make up in quiet humour what they lack in excitement. That humour, not so quiet that it is practically inaudible, as an American critic once wrote, is a precious possession for a writer, and, in the case of this book, it colours and enlivens the most humdrum scenes, and is as important as a power of observation.

As a schoolmistress and a journalist, and, most of all, as a person with a real capacity for friendship, even, it seems with circus tigers, Miss Munday has been able to write a bright, discursive, and sympathetic book about a part of the world which we are apt to regard with a kind of solemn mistrust.

For a fine spirit of optimism I commend you to this author, who writes in one of her later chapters, "in country districts (in Japan) there are no irons and no ironing is done. But kimonos and other garments are patted and patted with bare hands while damp until an effect almost similar to ironing is achieved." Laundresses, please pay no attention!

One of the few scraps of natural history of which I was quite certain was that sharks turned over in order to bite, and I have always pictured that ominous and terrifying flash of white as the shark rolled over on its back to get a better grip on one's hapless leg.

Mr. J. E. Williamson has upset my pet theory in his new book, **TWENTY YEARS UNDER THE SEA** (Bodley Head. 15s.), and he has a series of amazing photographs to prove his point. Mr. Williamson claims to be the originator of undersea motion pictures, and some years ago he invented a contrivance which he called a photosphere, and which enabled him to take pictures actually on the sea bed.

Imagine a thing like an immense pocket torch, with room inside it for two people, and attached to the ship above it by a wide, corrugated tube. The big circle of glass at the end was Mr. Williamson's observatory, and a marvellous one, for the fish would be attracted by the brilliant light which this undersea chamber carried and would swim close to the glass to explore.

Mr. Williamson's account of his adventures is more exciting than even a story by Jules Verne, which, appropriately enough was the name of his ship-headquarters. As for his photographs, some of which are in colour, and quite lovely, they would make a dull book worth while, and this is emphatically not a dull book, but as startling and as unexpected as a good thriller. If anyone needs to be convinced, let them look at the photograph, taken under water, of the young man in the abbreviated bathing dress knifing a shark!

A BOOK LIST

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"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"

This moving conception of one of the most repeated subjects in religious painting is the work of Georges de la Tour, a French master of the first half of the seventeenth century

A Little-known French Master

UNTIL the Paris Exhibition of "Painters of Realism in France during the Seventeenth Century" (held this year at the Orangerie Museum) the work of Georges de la Tour was quite unknown to the general public. A collection of twelve paintings, which constituted all his known work, was shown at this prominent exhibition. They were the cause of considerable enthusiasm and much criticism. It has been ascertained that this painter died at Lunéville on January 30th, 1652; but nothing has been discovered concerning the place and date of his birth. It is generally believed that he was born at the close of the sixteenth century, probably about 1590. Doubtless of Lorrain origin, he is claimed to have been resident in Lunéville in 1620 and to have married there in 1621. Georges de la Tour is remarkable for his two distinct mannerisms of painting—that of scenes in candlelight and those in daylight. Much of the reputation that he earned in his lifetime was due to these lighting effects. He certainly shows an astonishing ability in the portrayal of the above unusual chiaroscuro cast by candlelight. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" is typical of nine of his pictures treated in this manner. It has rightly been proclaimed his masterpiece. Here, as in all his other nocturnal scenes, the hand shadows the candle flame which illuminates with a nebulous glimmer the solemn features of his religious subjects. De la Tour is essentially a stylist. He handles light, form, and colour according to his particular vision, without losing contact with reality. His powerful, yet delicate, lighting reveals the volumes with conspicuity, but without the least harshness. Form and composition take on a striking aspect. His gamut of colours, with cinnabar predominating, is singular and daring. Attenuated with an ashen-grey veil they maintain a low tonality of subdued colour harmony. Thus, separately, the tones have a certain intensity, while the general effect gives a monochromatic impression. Further, by simplifying the forms he simplifies the subject, thereby reducing it to its essential data. This iconographic originality, which was partly the then particular religious spirit of France, evinces the striking individuality of de la Tour who is certainly deserving of a recognition hitherto denied him.

A. W.

MODERNITIES

Ship and Train Streamlining in the United States

On left—
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME: This remarkable model for a new streamlined ocean-going yacht has been designed in America by Mr. Norman Bel Geddes, and it is estimated that it will cost somewhere in the neighbourhood of £200,000 to construct. It would be 231 ft. long, 37 ft. in the beam, and would have a displacement of 1,400 tons, while the speed would be 16 knots, and the cruising radius 10,000 miles. Its curved superstructure is so designed that decks could be closed in or opened up according to prevailing weather conditions, and lifeboats are arranged to be carried within the shell in order to reduce wind resistance to a minimum. Such super-streamlining is not viewed with much favour in this country, and an expert to whom this picture was submitted by "The Sphere" expressed the opinion that such a craft had grave disadvantages, especially if anything happened to her and it became necessary to disembark passengers in a hurry

EXTREME STREAMLINING: Two more impressions of the model of the yacht designed by Mr. Norman Bel Geddes and for which he is said to have two potential purchasers, one in Europe and the other in the United States. The foremast, it should be noted, serves as an air intake for the engine-room and the air-conditioning system, while the rear mast is an exhaust for the Diesels. The accommodation includes a living-room (33 ft. by 23 ft.) and a dining-room (28 ft. by 23 ft.)

A BULLET ON RAILS: *Above—The Chief*, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad's new Diesel-powered streamlined express standing beside one of the old type of transcontinental locomotives and (*left*) a close-up of the exterior of the driver's cab. This train recently made a record run from Los Angeles to Chicago, covering the distance of 2,227 miles in 39½ hours. Its average speed was therefore about 56 m.p.h., or 7 m.p.h. less than the average maintained by the *Silver Jubilee* on the much shorter and somewhat less difficult London to Newcastle journey

DRAMA

Ramon Novarro Out of His Element : A Charlot Revue With a Christmas Flavour

Reviewed by

PHILIP PAGE

HISTORICAL DRAMA AT THE PLAYHOUSE: Mary of England (Flora Robson), greeted by her husband-to-be, Philip of Spain (Marius Goring)—a colourful episode from Wilfrid Grantham's *Mary Tudor* which began its run last week. (*See review on page 488*)

WHEN less than half of the opening performance of *A Royal Exchange* at His Majesty's Theatre had run its weary course I suspected that this would be one of those productions to which, perforce, I would have to refer in the past tense. And, lo, it is so.

My only reason for referring to it at all is that it may serve to emphasise two things. The first is the truth of the old maxim *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* which, in the circumstances, may be translated "Let a film star stick to his Hollywood." The second is that it should be learned, once and for all, that Puritanian comedy, musical or otherwise, has had its day. Unless the thing is done extraordinarily well (and in this case it was done extraordinarily badly) there is not one sixteenth part of a sixteenth part of the play-going public which can thrill to the alleged romance of vaguely-Balkan royalty, and of lovely princesses and errant princes and handsome imposters and all the pompous and maudlin paraphernalia of their nonsensical adventures.

What, I fear, will never be learned is that celebrities in other walks of life do not necessarily prove irresistible attractions the moment they step on to the stage of a theatre. I recall a good many years ago that an extravagant young woman arranged a motor car accident and faked a tragic disappearance in order to escape from the consequences of that extravagance. She was eventually given a theatrical engagement, simply on the score of her notoriety, and, having no talent for the stage, failed lamentably.

Except that there is nothing criminal about their profession, film-stars, as such, are as far removed from the legitimate stage as that young woman and her motor car. Mr. Ramon Novarro has behaved gallantly in the matter of *A Royal Exchange* fiasco, and he took the knock in sporting fashion. Yet the fact remains that when he trod the boards of His Majesty's he showed us, as Mr. Bernard Shaw once wrote of an actor who ought to have known better, "In five dreadful minutes the whole art of how not to do it." That Mr. Novarro is deservedly a film favourite I do not doubt, though I had expected a more romantic personality. But how many more times must it be pointed out that stage and film technique are radically different? In a theatre Mr. Novarro's singing voice is negligible and his idea of acting—to put it mildly—unsuitable.

Indeed, as far as suitability is concerned, his part might have been split up into five and played by the Dionne babies, who are to be film stars ere long and are quite likely, considering the Alice in Wonderland mentality of certain folk in theatreland, to be stage stars as well.

The chorus and small-part people in this production who, having rehearsed for many weeks, have been thrown out of work just before Christmas have everyone's sympathy. That, alas, is now a *fait accompli*, so my few simple, if severe words do not damage their pockets. I would add that not the best use was made even of the silly play itself; possible dramatic effects were constantly killed by quite elementary errors, and long and meaningless dances were inserted in inappropriate situations.

As to the music, one cannot redeem Lehar-and-water (with a deuce of a lot of water) by over-use of harp glissandi and muted trumpets, which merely turned the obvious into the vulgar.

PREPARING FOR PANTO: Victoria Hopper (principal girl), J. S. Melvin, Oriel Ross (who in private life is Countess Poulett), and Billy Danvers, with some of the "props"—a picture taken at a rehearsal of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the pantomime at the Palace Theatre, Manchester

"Sleeping Beauty."

—"Give me a good old-fashioned pantomime, with a harlequinade and a concubine!" was the awful remark I once heard made by an elderly male Malaprop in the days when such remarks were considered awful. *Sleeping Beauty* at the Vaudeville is not old-fashioned; it is hardly a pantomime at all; it has no harlequinade, and into its possibilities of concubinage, if any, it is not the province of a critic to enter.

But it is undoubtedly good. I am not going to grumble at the absence here of certain qualities I would number among pantomime essentials—a female "boy," a male "dame," a couple of knock-about comedians, who fall hard and often and, above all, tights. All these are to be found elsewhere in London (hardly, indeed, a hundred yards away), in the suburbs, and also in the provinces, where pantomime has its stage barons but its real countesses. As to tights, Mr. Charlot's dress-bill will be lighter even if the legs of his lovelies are chillier. I would suggest "Mother Goose-flesh" as the title of the next bare-legged pantomime.

The Vaudeville entertainment is really a vaudeville entertainment more than a pantomime. Or rather, a typical Charlot revue, lightly tinged with the story of the Sleeping Beauty in order to make it seasonable. But it is undoubtedly entertainment, the first half fair to moderate and the second half excellent. Curiously enough, while on the whole but little debt is due to the pantomime story, what has been taken is the oldest portion of it—the humour of the awakening scene in the Enchanted Palace. I suppose the great-grandchildren have long been dead of the man who suggested putting yards of beard on the king, making his knees creak loudly, and giving him the line "Asleep a hundred years, and I never put the cat out!" For the rest, most of the fun was new, except the magic which made the wrong couples fall in love with each other; Shakespeare did that in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but did not make it funny.

MUSICAL MADNESS: Richard Hearne, whose performance as the crazy violin-playing Colonel Stefan is one of the high-lights of *Seeing Stars*, the now firmly established musical comedy success which is playing to packed houses at the Gaiety

The plan being to have a male principal boy Mr. Charlot has seen to it that there is plenty of him. The Vaudeville is a small theatre and Mr. Patrick Waddington (in a costume reminiscent of an H. G. Wells glimpse-into-the-future story or the uniform of a cinema attendant) seemed so tall that a friendly handshake with a man in the flies would not have been an impossibility. Fortunately, he is a principal boy who does not for a moment suggest an unprincipled girl, and sings well some particularly footling songs. Miss Nancy Burne is his partner. A Sleeping Beauty has to be beautiful. *Voilà tout!* Miss Phyllis Stanley added a new touch of comedy to the taller of the two queens, and surprised and delighted everyone by sudden indulgence in some weird wriggling to the strains of a Mexican *rumba*. Her timid husband was made a human, if fantastic study by Mr. Bert Coote whom we might have seen earlier. Mr. Coote is a master of quiet methods which could be well appreciated chez Charlot, though they would be lost in that home of the roaring Jackley, the Lyceum. He drew sympathy for the bees and even made dramatic critics and their offspring (for some of 'em breed) sing about the ways of bees.

Last, and greatest asset of all, Miss Nellie Wallace. For all its charm and several good qualities, I would not care to think of *Sleeping Beauty* without Miss Wallace, the Evil Fairy, who will indeed prove a good fairy to the box-office. She is one of the few women who can with complete success be broadly grotesque. Bearing a startling resemblance to the most energetically musical of London's hostesses, the whole of the auditorium becomes her salon. And the authors, perhaps bearing in mind a certain king with a sense of humour, have not let poor Nellie starve. She has been given first rate material.

(*Continued on p. 488*)

THE RISE AND FALL OF FASHION

Illustrated by Hat Brims

TAFFETA AND TWEED

THE BACKWARD RISE

A perfect travel ensemble which Lelong makes in brown tweed, the coat collared and lined with beaver, and the scarf and waistcoat in subtly striped taffeta. The double sleeves and the centre fold on the skirt are interesting

Black velvet, most flattering of all fabrics, makes the hat above on the right. Rather like a poke bonnet worn back to front, it has ribbons of coloured velvet, and a very coarse mesh circular veil covering the hair

Knitting is raised to the aristocracy of fashion, and Lelong uses it on the left for a brown jacket with a heavy raised stripe and wing clips of gold, a larger edition appearing in the beret. The neat tie is of stiff white linen

With a brim that falls steeply from the flattened crown, this sports hat in green felt is faintly reminiscent of the old coaching days. The curl of the brim at the sides gives it width and it fits flatly at the back

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MARYPORT of SOLWAYSIDE:

A West Cumberland Distressed Area and How its Workless are Attempting to Tide Over the Slump

ONE of the places within the West Cumberland Distressed Area to which the Commissioner for the Area recently drew special attention in a speech to the Cumberland Industrial Development Council was Maryport whose unemployment problem has been for years acute.

MARYPORT HARBOUR: Where business is almost at a standstill and only a few craft are now engaged in fishing

As the Commissioner pointed out, Maryport has a fish-curing establishment, a good harbour easily entered, and fishing boats, but the fish for the curing establishment cannot be supplied locally but travels overland, and German fishermen are seeking to contract to supply Maryport fish-curing works with fish caught in the Solway estuary and the Irish Sea; the Maryport fishing boats are now only fourteen in number, obsolete craft which cannot go far afield.

And the trade of the port has also dwindled almost to vanishing point, due in part to the condition of the local heavy industries connected with iron and the depression in the coal trade, the latter of which gave birth to Maryport as an industrial port on Solwayside. For Maryport as such is only some 200 years old, even to its name. At the dawn of the eighteenth century at the mouth of the River Ellen (the name a variant of *Alne* an ancient British river name) there was a "cryke" (creek) and a few fishermen's huts: in 1751 there was one house called "Valentia" and about ten fishermen's huts, and it was called the Harbour of Ellenfoot; but in 1740 Mr. Senhouse, lord of the manor, commenced coal mining at Ellenborough near by, and in 1756 he changed the name of the little port from which he sent his coals by sea to Maryport after his wife's name. After this Maryport went ahead, and in 1857 Elizabeth Dock was opened, the first wet dock on the Cumberland coast which is still in use, with good facilities for loading coal (brought direct by rail from the collieries) into ships for export. Even in 1853, with the simple riverside wharves before Elizabeth Dock was opened, Maryport exported 269,000 tons of coal, and in 1808 Maryport possessed 134 vessels using its harbour at the mouth of Ellen river. In 1928 there were no sailing ships and but three steamers with Maryport as their port of registration, though there had been a time, towards the end of the nineteenth century, when it was reported that so crowded was its dock basin with shipping that it was possible to walk right across from deck to deck, and when the long shut-down steel works were working it was said on good authority they were making £80,000 a year. A second wet dock, Senhouse Dock, was opened in 1884.

But with the new century came a revolution in industrial methods and the shipping decline of little ports in general, and Maryport in particular, set in. There were big companies and great combines in shipping which absorbed smaller ventures, and in industry centralisation and combination became the system which closed down independent concerns. Maryport's blast furnaces and steel works drooped, faded, and closed down, the trade of the port declined and to-day a few coal-pits still working represent her industries. The result is that almost the whole of Maryport's industrial workers are unemployed, and it is upon the Cumberland Industrial Development Council that hopes are fixed. Can a fishing industry be revived if modern fishing craft be provided? Could a coasting trade be created?

Small, comparatively, ships travelling from little port to little port with goods from the big ports where they are landed by big foreign-going cargo vessels? Increased export of coal and iron products? Such traffic, could it be recreated, would not only give employment and revenue to now moribund small ports, it would put into employment officers and men of the smaller merchant service.

HELPING THEMSELVES: Unemployed Maryport men standing beside the byre they have built behind a derelict blast furnace in a sheltered hollow among the sandhills and where they are now engaged in pig raising

Maryport in its day built ships (some of them were launched broadside), and one of them achieved fame for her 1st lieutenant was that Paul Jones who as a pirate bombarded Whitehaven. This ship was named the *Black Prince* engaged in North American trade till 1770 when she was bought by the American, converted under Paul Jones' direction into a small three-masted frigate 440 tons, and became the flagship of Commodore Elisha Hopkins under whose command she was captured by the British sloop of war *Ariadne* in March, 1778. After she became an American vessel her name was changed to *Prince Alfred*.

To-day Maryport's workless workers hope for what may come; some have built in a sheltered hollow amongst the sand-hills behind a derelict blast-furnace, a byre, and are raising pigs. This work they have done themselves, and it reflects great credit upon them. It houses forty pigs, built upon concrete with brick and timber superstructure. Inside there are separate pens for each little group of pigs, with wooden benches for them, pottery feeding-troughs, and good drainage. At one end of the house is the stove for making the pigs' mashes of warm meal, which are most carefully prepared.

Others of the local unemployed men have undertaken the no mean task of cleaning out some eight or nine miles of the River Ellen from Aspatria to Maryport, thereby improving the fishing; others work at furniture-making, boot-repairing, and other jobs, but these are palliatives in a district where many are coalminers, iron-furnace workers, fishermen, sea-faring folk of various grades, and it is earnestly hoped that at long last the coming into being of the Cumberland Industrial Development Council presages a brighter outlook. West Cumberland has great potential wealth underground in its coal and iron ore, and it depends for its main support upon its coal and iron mines and their subsidiary industries; if full output could be obtained for the mines, and the blast furnaces kept at work, then in turn the ports of Solway Shore should reap their share of employment and prosperity.

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VIENNA: International Ice Hockey Matches (December and January).

BADGASTEIN (Province of Salzburg): Toboggan and Ski Races (January).

SEEFELD (Tyrol): International Ski-jumping and Slalom Races, International Skating Competition (February 17th to 19th).

INNSBRUCK (Tyrol): F.I.S. Races, 1936. Downhill and Slalom Races of the Federation Internationale de Ski.

Ice Hockey Matches, Figure Skating Competitions, Curling, etc., will take place in connection with these races (February 21st to 22nd).

SEMMERING (1½ hours from Vienna by rail): International Bob Races (February 22nd and 23rd).

International Ski-jumping for the Zimdin Cup (March 1st).

KLAGENFURT (Carinthia): International Ski-jumping (February 23rd).

KITZBUEHEL (Tyrol): International Ski-jumping (February 25th).

LECH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg): Madloch Downhill Races (February 29th).

ST. CHRISTOPH ON THE ARLBERG (Tyrol): May Ski Races (May 3rd).

HEILIGENBLUT (Carinthia): International Glockner Ski Races (May 31st).

SOCIAL EVENTS IN VIENNA.

OPERA BALL (January 25th).

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT OF THE AUSTRIAN BRIDGE LEAGUE (to be held in Vienna and Semmering, January 25th to February 3rd).

BALL OF THE CITY OF VIENNA (February 6th).

NUMEROUS HUNT BALLS, CARNIVALS AND MASKED BALLS, ARTISTS' BALLS AND PAGEANTS at which National Dress is worn (January and February).

VIENNA SPRING FAIR (March 8th to 14th).

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CONTINUATIONS

THE CORONER

(*Continued from p.* 464)

obscurity." Originally written by Sir John Jervis in 1829 it has passed through many editions. The seventh edition, edited by Mr. Danford Thomas, includes the Coroners' Act of 1921 and the Coroners' (Amendment) Act of 1926. One of the most interesting features of the present volume is an historical introduction written by the late Dr. F. J. Waldo.

Evidence points to the office of Coroner having been first instituted in England as a Crown office by the Normans. In 1194 there is mention of a *Custos placitorum coronae*, guarding of the pleas of the Crown. In 1215 the word "Coronator" appears in Magna Carta. In early days, indeed, the Coroner was a most important person. It was his business to keep a record of all that went on in the county in any way connected with the administration of criminal justice. He guarded the King's revenues, he held inquiries "on view of the body in cases of death from violence or accident," he performed duties much akin to those in these days undertaken by justices of the peace.

In short, the authority of the medieval Coroner was of a judicial nature—inquiring into the cause of death, the forfeiture of lands and goods, the disposal of treasure trove and "wrecks of the sea," the escape of murderers. Murder and death by violence were matters of his especial care, for murder and death by violence were in those early days two great evils. It needed prompt and bold men to bring the miscreants to justice. The Coroner was usually, therefore, a man of substance—oftentimes a knight. He ranked almost a sheriff.

Through the centuries, with other methods of maintaining law and order, his authority declined. He used to function as a magistrate. And that is part of the trouble to-day because, being insufficiently instructed, some Coroners are under the impression that they are vested with the authority of magistrates, whereas they are not. But if his authority has dwindled in some respects, much of the importance of his office remains. The office has passed through various vicissitudes, but the Coroner still remains a direct officer of the Crown.

SWITZERLAND

(*Continued from page* 460)

haven to no fewer than 400,000 aliens of all kinds, one-tenth of the whole population. Highly combustible material in all directions. Domestically, the country is split in three. On the right the Frontists. On the left the Communist-Socialists. In the centre the great broad No Change middle-class mass. At the recent referendum Frontists and Communist-Socialists went into the same urn. Not because they liked one another, but because each wanted to revise what they claimed to be the obsolescent 1874 Constitution. The Frontists wished to revise in the direction of reducing parliamentary power for more direct and efficient handling of modern problems. The Communist-Socialists desired, within the Constitution, representative bodies to deal with economic and social questions affecting the working man. But the great No Change Swiss middle class said to the former: "We fear you are concealing your true selves and that you would introduce Fascism," and to the latter: "We are certain that once given power of revision, you would run to all sorts of extremes." And the national urn did the rest: nearly a three to one victory for No Change.

A short while previously, and to the general surprise, there was very nearly no change in connection with a referendum extending military service. Switzerland is rearming on land and in the air, its fears of violation being real. Yet the new military service measure only scraped through by something like 500,000 to 450,000 votes. Once again Switzerland was chary in the extreme about decreeing change.

A CANADIAN WONDERLAND: Early morning reflections on Cowichan Lake, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, a centre of the lumbering industry and the source of the Douglas fir timber used for the masts of several of the British and American racing yachts. Floating in the foreground can be seen booms of logs ready to be towed to the sawmill

ROYAL APPOINTMENT: A giant log of Douglas fir hewn into octagonal shape on Vancouver Island prior to shipment to England for installation on the King's yacht, *Britannia*. Ten trees were felled before two were selected that came up to the required standard, and these averaged 105 ft. in length, were almost completely free of knots, and were 33 ins. in diameter at the bottom tapering to 23 ins. at the top. They each weighed 7 tons

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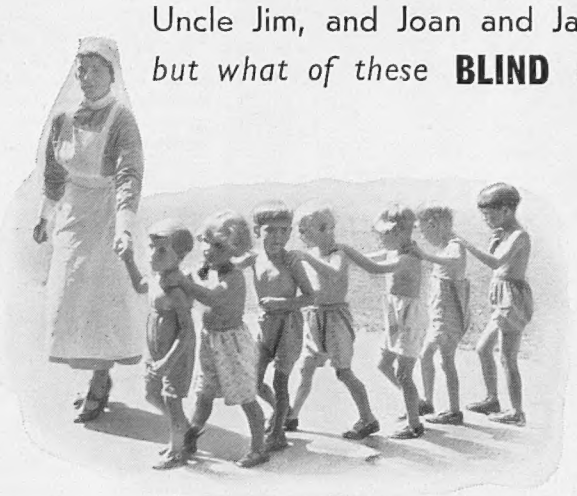

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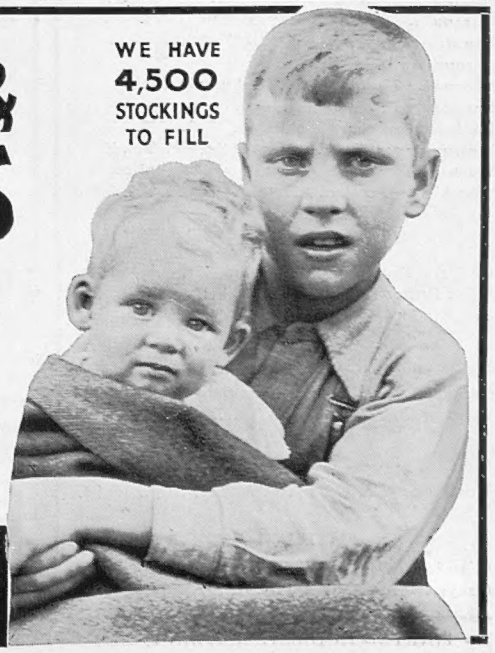

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FLORA ROBSON in the title role of *Mary Tudor*

DRAMA (Continued from p. 481)

"Mary Tudor."—In his interesting play at the Playhouse, Mr. Wilfrid Grantham has fallen between two schools. For although there are many subdivisions, we may reasonably as well as conveniently place into two groups those who treat history dramatically. There are those who at their will ignore historical accuracy and give us a good play. There are others who meticulously preserve historical accuracy and give us a dull one. The fortunate few who have been historically accurate and theatrically effective at the same time are fortunately so few that I am spared their enumeration.

Mr. Grantham shows us a Queen Mary who was never yet on land and sea, without compensating for that by writing a play of such a dramatic vigour that it will, to come down to brass, have a commercially profitable run. I am not in favour of butchering history solely in order to make money, particularly if the process has no artistic qualification. It may be remembered that some weeks ago I had something to say about Mr. Cecil B. de Mille and his Hollywooden crusades. Mr. Grantham is obviously a writer of taste who would not butcher anything but rather carve it artistically. Since he *has* carved this Tudor episode, he might have carved it with better effect.

Indeed, I am of the opinion that the real Mary, as far as we can at this distance judge her reality, would have made more impressive drama than this sanctified version of her. We know that there were physiological reasons why Bloody Mary was—well, bloody. In that sense, and in that sense only, could we be sorry for her. We also know that, apart from her religious persecutions—which may have been half fanaticism and half sadistic indulgence and probably a bit of both—she was an unpleasant woman. Read up Froude for the historical Mary, and Freud for Mary as a sex-case, followed by a course of Havelock Ellis. Yet the author shows her as a rather decent sort, pathetically conscious of what Americans would call her "homeliness," domestically inclined, charming to her serving women, saving her half-sister Elizabeth from death (she would have boiled Elizabeth alive had she dared) and behaving towards her husband Philip like a love-sick girl.

To those who would argue that at this stage of her life she was like that and that it was disappointment over her barrenness and her husband's treatment that soured her and turned her to persecution I would reply, with all the strength of authentic history behind me, that before the curtain fell on *Mary Tudor* (the period is explicitly stated on the programme) its "heroine" had sent fifty people to the stake in a few months. Mary may have had a hard deal in life. But she gave back as good as she got, and with gory interest. Moreover, Mary was not only a damnably cruel queen, but a damnably incompetent one. So all this business of Miss Flora Robson (whose performance was flawless) speaking to her beloved people through a window and talking to her statesmen with consummate wisdom and in a manner that "combined a pose imperious with a demeanour nobly bland" I found it difficult to stomach.

None the less, the play is, as I have said, interesting as a play, though not more than just—interesting. It is written in simple and dignified language, which is neither aggressively modern nor abounding in Wardour Street by-my-halidoms. It is well mounted and perfectly produced. The incidental music is unobtrusive and just what it should be.

As to the acting, there is not one poor performance in the large cast and many extremely good ones. Miss Joyce Bland's Princess Elizabeth I thought brilliant.

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A TREAT FOR HIS FANS: Ramon Novarro singing to the crowd from his dressing-room at His Majesty's Theatre after the final performance of *A Royal Exchange* which was taken off after a week's run

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

M., Lancs. (South Africa).—A comfortable family and commercial hotel in Cape Town is the Metropole, which charges 5 guineas per week. Excursions should be made to Paarl, the centre of the vineyards, to the old Dutch town of Stellenbosch, the Rhodes Memorial on the slopes of Devil's Peak, Groote Schuur, to the top of Table Mountain by aerial railway, and to the various seaside resorts such as Sea Point and Muizenburg. We suggest that after an eight days' stay in Cape Town you make the ten or twelve days motor coach trip to Port Elizabeth, which costs £14 14s. inclusive. This would give you an opportunity to visit the famous Cango Caves, Knysna, and see the lovely scenery of the Garden Route. Further details of this trip can be had from the South African Railways' Publicity and Travel Bureau in Cape Town. If you do not wish to make the trip you might spend the last ten days of your visit to South Africa at the popular seaside resort of Muizenburg, where the Marine Hotel charges 12s. 6d. per day; or at Fishoek, a small seaside resort near Muizenburg, and thirty minutes from Cape Town by electric railway, the Homestead Hotel there charging 2½ guineas per week. The Union Castle Line will give you all particulars of their special Christmas and New Year trips to South Africa, the return 1st class, 2nd class, and tourist class fares from England to Cape Town being £90, £60, and £30 respectively, similar fares to Port Elizabeth being £95, £63, and £32.

"THE RIVIERA REVISITED"

Intending visitors to the Côte d'Azur who wish to acquaint themselves with the resorts both large and small which are strung along the coast from Marseilles to Mentone should apply for a free copy of *The Riviera Revisited* which can be obtained from the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Railway, 179 Piccadilly, W.1, or the Southern Railway Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1. The text of this booklet is by Mr. Charles Graves and offers interesting and informative reading.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

D., Lincs. (Austria).—Seefeld is one of the sunniest of the Austrian winter sports resorts. It is situated at a height of 4,000 ft., and can be reached in one hour by rail from Innsbruck. The leading hotel there is the Post, a smaller hotel which charges slightly less being the Berghof. As you wish to stay a few days in Munich we suggest you travel to Seefeld via the Hook of Holland or Flushing, and thence across Germany, on which route you would pass through Munich, the railway from the latter to Innsbruck passing through Seefeld. You can break your journey at Munich on either the outward or homeward journey, though if you intend to visit Seefeld early in the season it would be as well to visit Munich first.

P., Dublin (Australia).—The return first class fare from England to Australia by Orient Line is £140 or £150, this special return fare being quoted on condition that the passenger returns to England by the same voyage of the same ship. The round trip takes 96 days. The new Orient liner *Orion* leaves London on January 18, 1936, arriving back on April 23, the *Oronsay* leaving London on February 1 arriving back on May 7.

M., Sussex (Majorca).—We do not think you would care to make a long stay on the island of Minorca, which is the least attractive of the Balearic Isles, and has but poor hotel accommodation. Rather than Minorca we would suggest you visit Iviza, which is pretty and has reasonably good hotel accommodation. It can be reached by boat from Valencia, Barcelona, and Palma. Majorca has, of course, become very popular, but it has retained its picturesque atmosphere, though the hotels are up-to-date and comfortable. If you do not wish to stay in Palma you could visit one of the small seaside villages such as Soller and Pollensa. Majorca can be reached overland via Paris and Barcelona, from where it is an overnight crossing, or by sea via Orient, Union Castle, or Henderson Line boat.

A Winter Cruise to the Spanish Main and South Sea.

The seventy-five days' winter cruise of the *Arandora Star* is scheduled to begin on January 22, so that the fortunate passengers have the pleasant prospect of leaving England at its worst, returning when winter has given place to spring. The itinerary includes such ports of call as Mazatlan, Manzanilla, and Acapulco, towns on the Pacific coast of Mexico, while the capital, Mexico City, 7,000 ft. above sea-level and within sight of the active volcano of Popocatepetl can be reached from Mazatlan. San Jose is the port for Guatemala City, while a third Latin Republic to be visited is San Salvador. During the three days' stay at Honolulu passengers will have plenty of opportunity to make excursions, including a trip to Maui where they can climb to the top of the largest extinct volcano in the world, and look down a sheer 2,000 ft. into a crater 20 miles in circumference. After a thirty-two hours' stay in San Francisco the *Arandora Star* will steam down the coast of California to San Pedro, port for Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Pasadena. In addition calls will be made at Miami, Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Curaçao, Madeira, and Teneriffe, ample time being given in order to allow passengers to see all that is of interest in and around the different ports. The *Arandora Star* carries 1st class passengers only, the passenger list for the winter cruise being limited to 400. Fares range from 153 guineas, and further particulars are obtainable from the Royal Mail Line, America House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered

THE SPHERE Christmas Number

A special feature of the issue is the section dealing with OLD LONDON, ranging from the time of FitzStephen down to the last century. Special colour reproductions have been made from contemporary drawings, supplemented by the work of modern artists. The scenes dealing with eighteenth-century London are particularly full of historic charm.

A second dominating section of the issue deals with eighteenth-century PIRACY, a subject which THE SPHERE has recently very much made its own. A number of hitherto unpublished documents concerning the death of BLACKBEARD, and the difficulties of rounding up the Pirates have been illustrated and are quoted textually. MONTAGUE DAWSON, RELF, and other artists illustrate this section.

The intriguing story of Melusina, half woman and half serpent, and her husband's fatal week-end discovery, is amusingly illustrated by HOOKWAY COWLES.

The charm of the RUFF is a subject which gives opportunity for many interesting reproductions of Dutch and other portraits, some of them reproduced in this issue for the first time.

The COUNTRYSIDE IN WINTER is illustrated by a number of artists; the subjects include in this section a striking double-page by W. BRYCE HAMILTON. Some new CANINE STUDIES will appeal to all dog-lovers.

CAROLS, SHORT STORIES, and POEMS, help to round out to the very full the list of CONTENTS of this CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE SPHERE.

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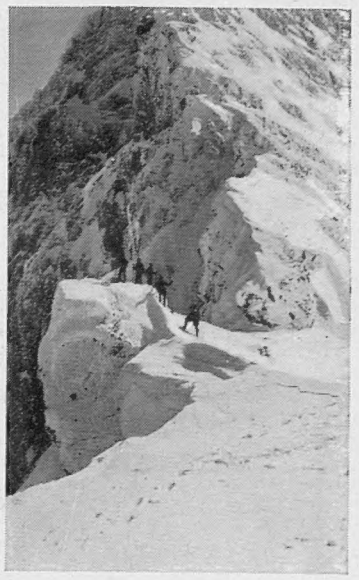

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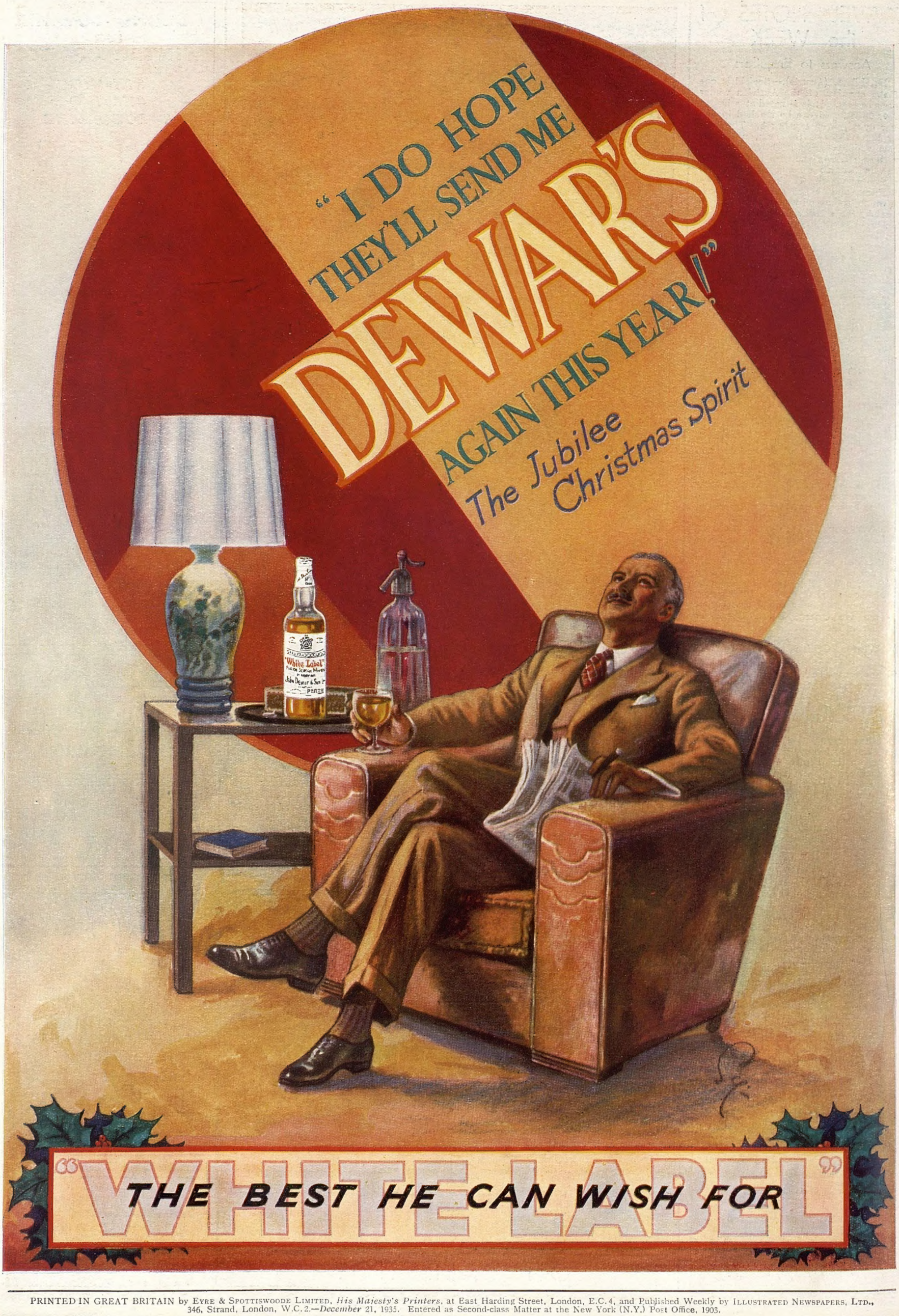

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